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THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY
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ON THE WAY TO S. JAMES

I

IN THE TRAIN

"Are all these people going to S. James?"

At the junction all the men had got down to walk upon the platform, smoking cigarettes and chatting under the white arc-lights, and as the long train pulled out and began to get up speed the end carriage door was snatched open, and a man, belated, leaped in. There in the third-class carriage, dim, close, dingy, full of sleeping children stretched out on the seats, and tired men who stood in the aisle to let them sleep, dropped down a member of the Spanish nobility, by my side, and looked as surprised as I at the encounter. In half an hour we should reach Palencia and he would have to go back to his own first-class; therefore after a seemly pause I opened conversation in French:

"Are all these people going to Compostela, to the feast of S. James?"

"I dare say," he answered, "I am. I always go."

Then, preliminaries passed, we chatted about the country and the types till the glare of a station broke in at the windows, and the shuffle of feet and hum of voices on the platform recommenced. At last I said:

"Aren't you going back to your own carriage?"
And he—"Aren't you?"

"This is mine. I am making the pilgrimage." Then, astonished, the member of the Spanish nobility lifted his hat and departed to his own place.
We set out from Villafranca an hour and a half late. I am, look you, fatally a rationalist, disposed to believe that those paid for doing something know how to do it. So when poor Antonio had replaced the pack frame by a good saddle and the halter by a proper bit, I accepted—under restrictions, notwithstanding, but still for the nonce accepted—his certitude that a little grey donkey was equal to the journey. Alas! even the dainty brown mare that I mounted was to prove unequal to it, tho valiant always, and in truth, the grey donkey kept ever ahead, during the three days Antonio and I wandered about. Only, Grey Brother—having, besides, the scarlet saddle-bags and a torn sack very ill-adjusted—for the most part refused to carry Antonio except at a snail’s pace; so that, in the end, wherever the road was very good he went afoot to save time, and whenever the road was very bad he went afoot to save the burrillo. I hope, at least, he rode the whole way home.

The morning light was sweet, the valley road was fair; blue and green were glad and fresh-colored in the clean air; and the white road ran fast, turning and winding as the river turned, following a dell up almost to the head, and doubling back along the mountain’s flank to the main line and grassy meadows and trembling poplar-shade. The stream was broad and brown, white rapids alternating with still pools where the light lurked as in a gem; and the hillside was rich with underbrush and low-growing green, with grass and flowers. Chestnuts on the right, poplars on the left, gladdened the birds, hour after hour; and other trees there were, the true oak and the walnut among them, green leafy trees all, not the grey and black of cork and live-oak as around Leon, nor the leprous whiteness of sycamore and eucalyptus as on the Atlantic edge: but hard-wood trees, as we say at home, which accept the winter and surgeon for the summer, among which birds can nest in leafy shade, and sing and twitter as the wind rustles their translucent screen. Broom was gay, and the magenta foxglove not yet past; and other flowers whose cousins I had gathered in the Swiss valleys, yellow and
purple, marked by their color the declining season, but by their presence the moist and fertile region.

We overtook a group of pack-mules, their drivers walking together, and were passed by them in a village where I halted to record a doorway, and again repassed them, and lost them at last, I know not whether before or behind or if they turned aside following the highway. For we left the highway after Vega de Valcarcel, not to come back to it until the next day at even-fall, and then with an ill will. The mountain ways were sweeter, shaded and musical at times with swift streams, or cloven thru brilliant rock with brilliant water glittering at times below.

The villages are not wretched. New houses are going up, others are dated in the eighties and nineties. The architecture is at first the familiar Alpine kind, conspicuous for balconies above the door and dung-hills before it; then thatch supplants slate, and presently all yields to the curious structures of flattish stones with slate roof or thatched. They have glass in the windows, which I missed in Aragon. These houses being built of loose stones, unsquared, with roofs of straw, the material imposes no form and they have no form, not circular nor rectangular nor even polygonal, but a sort of wavering oval, sometimes, and sometimes the shape of a cucumber or a blunt and swollen crescent. Vega de Valcarcel was sweet as is the name: the meadow was there, new-mown; the valley, green; the keep, ruined, crowning the hill across. Two castles, in truth, guarded the passage there, but one lies back of the huge and hollow hill, invisible from the friendly river of the Sil that still we followed for a while.

A poached egg in a cup of consomme' is remembered as a special delicacy of my youth, at certain summer luncheons with a charming woman, already then grey-haired, who understood the world and the art of living well in it. But two fried eggs and garlic in a soup-tureen full of sour bread are not the same. I let this go, lunched thankfully on thick chunks, like oaken plank, of ham, and fried eggs nature, that were excellent, while the raucous red wine attempered the heavy bread. Lastly, the landlady unlocked some pears in sugar, which I appreciated more than she could quite have wished: and with her, her nieces, and her shy small daughter
(whose eyes were as large as her braids were long) I took counsel about the next stage. Certainly to Tria-
castela it was a full day’s journey, for a neighbor of hers made it sometimes, and to Cebrero only half a day, but there were places in between the two: the cura of Cebrero would put me up, or I could enquire for a house that took guests at Padornelo.

“I can always ask,” Antonio had said already, when I taxed him with ignorance of the way we went, and he was to ask, and I as well, all along: we were to leave a trail of misinformation floating in the bright air of those three days. Noon was not past before we began to climb, leaving La Faba, with a strong stone church of the familiar type, low west porch and high west tower, a rectangular nave higher than most, and a sanctuary with a square east end.

As we climbed, the mountains lifted about us, until in the winding of the road, an open track on the edge of open pasture, we could look across to all the blue heights of the Vierzo, and the crests that enclose Villa-
franca, already dear and unattainable. We traveled along the side of an enormous mountain, and looked down its dappled flank, among cloud shadows, on grain-
field and grass land, on hedge and stone wall, to a wind-
ing brook at the bottom, above which swelled up another huge hillside. And always under the piled white clouds, behind the far blue heights, yet other heights swam up, bluer and farther, till I could have thought to recognize the mountains that enclose Penalva, and their snow-wreaths whiter than cloud. Ahead, against the sky, in a cloven hollow hung a belfry and a few high-should-
erd roofs, formless, unreflecting.

The pass of Cebrero lies at five thousand feet, and the ancient hospice with its church and huddle of huts, lies in the very crotch of the pass: the hospice is the priest’s house now, stable and cooking-hearth below, and a range of good rooms, to judge from the windows, above the heavy wooden stair. Thus it was in the twelfth cen-
tury. Those upper rooms I did not see, for the cura was asleep and must not be aroused, tho he had the keys of the church I had come so far to see, and the imp of perversity that harbors in one’s bosom saved until the farewell a message and introduction that I had for the Senor Coadjutor, his assistant. Then, indeed,
the servant would have called him—the excellent pock-marked woman whose kindness had taken me upstairs and down, by the private entrance, into the church, and whose apprehensions had asked a limosina—an alms—for the Madonna’s image before she could unveil it. The Senor Coadjutor was somewhere below, whether in the village or the valley I do not recall, and the Senor Cura slept on, and the servant would not take a personal gift of money for what she had done. So in the end I thanked her with what grace in Spanish I had, and there was the end of the visit, but not of the venerable priory, founded in the ninth century. They keep there a Santo Milagro, a miracle like that of Orvieto, of the precise aspect of which I am uncertain, but incline to believe it a wafer uncorrupted thru centuries, that once, to confute a doubt or to avenge an insult, shed drops of blood. My good friend D. Angel del Castillo avers that the lonely village hides a San Graal, the very Cup that Monserrat cannot show: at any rate it enshrines a story fragrant as the trailing arbutus that we gather under snow. It seems that one Sunday there was a very heavy snowfall, but notwithstanding that a laborer from thereabouts tramped two leagues lest he should miss his Mass. The Vicar marvelled. “I should be a poor sort,” said he, “not to do that much for the sake of seeing God.” “But God is up in heaven,” said the Vicar, not ill-naturedly, and vested and commenced the Mass: then turning at the right moment to offer the Sacred Elements to the laborer, he discovered in them the Very Flesh and Very Blood of the Lord.

If one could but see Cebrero in winter sometime, like my friend D. Angel, when it has snowed for six grey days and frozen for six long brilliant nights, when the huge flanks of the mountain are one unbroken white, softly lifted where stone walls ran, softly dimpled where watering-places lay—the brook, black below, showing only at a few rare spots in the swelling shadowless white, and the mountains blue and far, crested and flecked as with foam! In the grey house-walls, without angles and almost without shadows, yawns the black doorway; on the heavy roofs of thatch, heaped each like so many more mountains with billowing and unbroken white, not a chimney breaks the soft swelling; as you pass you see forms stir in the flickering darkness and hear the
crackle of twigs upon the central hearth, and the soft breathing of beasts that share the same roof kindly, and yield their warmth to their master's needs. The low grey hospice, shuttered, smokes: the low grey church tower, with its bulbous pyramid and purple slates, tinkles and hardly stirs the stillness. The road that winds down between the huts is soiled and trodden perpetually, and presently, when the sun and wind have worked, the creatures will come out—small soft sheep, mild staring cows—and find grazing spots in southerly pastures and on the sunny side of walls. One cannot fancy Cebrero in spring, with delicate spring flowers, uncurling leaves, and tinkling runnels. It must always be bleak winter there or bleak mid-summer, with a seeking wind among the grey walls, and in the blackened interiors a fire always smouldering.

The road dipped a trifle, just past Cebrero, and followed the hollow of the opposite mountain, winding along the great flank and visible far ahead, mounting imperceptibly. In Padornelo the houses were built of larger, stronger, squared stones; but I saw no house in which I could sleep, as I thought. Nevertheless, this little mountain burgh, of half a dozen stone houses strung along the road, is very venerable: at the beginning of the twelfth century a pious lord bequeathed it to the bishop of Santiago.

At S. Esteban de Linares I halted to visit the church. It was lonely, empty, all but vacant. Workmen in the filthy road stood about and marvelled, not too openly, as I swung up across the saddle, and adjusted the flaps of the riding-suit into something very decent even for their eyes. Winding between dung-hills, we passed a tiny desecrated chapel; the roof had fallen in and strewn the floor with slates; beasts had been stabled there, safely, for the oaken door was sound upon its hinges; on the altar had lain stable trash and old clothes; but the square hollow showed where the consecrated stone had been reverently removed to safety. Well, in West Virginia I remember what was once a church serving as a smithy: out of the lancets of the apse sparks flew, and in the nave horses stamped and men sweated. Soon the little church of Linares will be only a heap of loose stones, very serviceable to mend a wall or frame a window, and God will not be insulted any more. Few
pilgrims go to Santiago now, and those who travel, use the train.

Another stretch of road in long lacets—always the mountain rising on the left, always on the right the deep clove, and the far views coming at a sudden turn, and sometimes a bit of high pasture on a rocky spur, with stone walls and tangled blossomry in the untouched corners. There, in the angles of these stone fences where spring snows melted early and autumn suns lay long, I saw, rarely, now two or three stalks, now one alone, perhaps a dozen in all, of a most lovely strange lily, pink, curled and freckled like the tall Chinese lilies of my grandmother’s garden; but the stalk carried a whole handful of blooms in a sort of pyramid, and each of them was no bigger round than a large narcissus, and their color belonged in that Spanish scale of color based on magenta—not coral pink, nor rose, nor mauve, nor safrano, but a sort of paler rose freckled deeper than the far more common foxgloves.

Past another grey stone village, clean by very aridity, there came suddenly a steep col, made of live rock and baked clay. I climbed five minutes hard on foot, the animals struggled over with scrambling, clattering hoofs and tender cajoleries of Antonio; then before us, under floating cloud, a greener world flowed down to shady depths where verily might have lurked the Mino, and to white villages strung on scraps of white road where might have been a bed prepared for me. The sun hung right ahead now, and the veils of cloud that had swung so free in the blue, caught and trailed behind us on the long crest that we had to turn and follow. They poured over the ridge and flowed down about us for five minutes, then swam off into the blue clear air again. A mountain road, forever forking down to farms or merely to haymakers, a guide that knew no more than I, not even the direction in which to look for Triacastela, and mists assembling as the sun dropped fast! The animals were spent, and still the passing haymakers measured the distance as a league and a goodish bit. Therefore at Fonfria, in the best house, at the far end of the village, I asked a bed, and found the warmest kindness, and comforts we had no hope for.

The house was built of good-sized stones and had a blue slate roof; and in the roof a little dormer out of
which curled blue smoke. For the rest, it looked like those of Cebrero. As I think of it I make out that the two main rooms, four-square, were fashioned in the midst of it—as one should inscribe two rectangles in an ellipse—and the segments at the sides served various needs. By one we entered, thru a sort of stable, and up three steps, upon the foyer; and out of that on the left, down four steps again, opened a kind of narrow irregular atelier with a window, where the loom stood, and the great wheel for winding yarn. They spin, I think, upon the distaff always. The square raised hearth, in the midst of the great room, was enclosed by benches on the four sides. I dropped down on one of them to thaw my feet and hands, and to make tea, Antonio having sensibly suggested that, for, look you, I was stiff and weary. While the family sat on other benches and stood about, I called Antonio to the warmth and rest he needed more than I, just as next day I was to say with authority: “This is no time for custom; sit down across the table and eat and drink what there is.” My hostess fed the tiny crackling blaze about the bouillotte, and after tea was made, cooked for me a supper.

When I alighted, after the assurance of beds, her first word had been a hope that we had brought white bread, for none but black was there. Well content without it I supped on eggs fried in lukewarm oil, dipping the bitter brown bread therein, and moistening it with good wine. “We have tea and coffee both,” she said proudly, but I had no need to touch their store. She was, it seems, of Leon, and lived there: her daughter, at service in Madrid, had peaked and pined in the unkind air and the two were visiting these shepherd folk, her cousins. But as one acquainted with capitals, she took charge of proceedings, gave up to me her own carved bed in the further great dark-beamed room, down which stood permanently the heavy table and its benches. She withdrew her daughter from the other bed, to leave me the room alone; showed how the window, shuttered and glazed, was fastened open at night—“for we sleep with the window open at night,” she said—and drew out of vast chests great coverlids woven of linen and wool, in scarlet, blue, and green, in tufted patterns. It was a part of her pride that she could make up so many extra beds on short notice—for herself and the quiet
daughter and Antonio, somewhere—yet still pile over
mine yet more and more of these great counterpanes,
rather like some of our Colonial work. Spare raiment
hung from the black rafters, and I was warned not to
be afraid when the shepherd owners should pass thru
this room to get to their own that opened out of it—but
they came so softly and passed so silently, the wonder
is I heard them.

There had been a walk, however, in the late day-
light of those altitudes, to see the village and its green
uplands beyond, and the plain little church consecrated
in the year 1200, and to drink deep at the fountain cold
as the village name. Then there was a bustle and a
soft noise and little cries and muffled bounces: the sheep
were come home. In Switzerland you have seen the
goats come down from the mountain sensibly, in single
file or by two and three thru the narrow tortuous street,
stand up and drink from the fountain, their pretty hoofs
gainst the stone basin, their pretty heads just dipped
to the cold water, and then disperse each to her own
house, discreetly, some called, some trotting away alone,
tinking a little bell. The sheep here came in silly hud-
dled dashes, an old woman pouncing on one and carrying
it along by the wool of its brown back: they ran up steps
to stable doors to stand at bay, and when a handful was
sorted out and driven off there would be a wrong one
among them, and one wanted, left behind. The day was
not dying at all: it went on. Rosy streamers floated
above the valley in the azure air: the green slopes were
brilliant as if with dew—I have never seen dew in Spain;
the mountains are like the mountains of Gilboa. But the
air was crystal and not too cold. I slept deep under
the coverings that the shy sweet girls who smiled so
silently, had woven; and the evening and the morning
were the second day.

III

The Starry Track

To the great emperor Charlemagne, as he slept one
night, came an angel and pointed out a shining path
across the sky, crowded thick with stars, white and glim-
mering, stretching southwestward on and on. “That is
the Way of S. James,” said the angel; “westward it
runs to Compostela in Galicia, and those are the pilgrims who shall pass.'

One night, I remember, as I traveled, it hung straight across the sky, frothy white as the surf on a night in August, and I knew that under it lay the grand church. Compostela is a dead city. I know others as well, I love others more, but the Way still draws the wanderer's feet. The star-dust hung in puffs and whorls: Sagittarius drove full into it: Aquila hung poised on the green splendor of Altair: Vega waited, cold and blue, for the long-attended coming of Bootes: stars that I did not know were there, stars that I had never seen—swarming like bees, various, not in three or seven or ten, but in fifty magnitudes, every star differing from another in glory. A shooting star struck down for token that another soul was released from purgatory. The star-swarms reeled and danced, like fireflies tangled in silver braid, and I remembered a song that my youth had made of the wandering souls that throng along the unending track:

The wind blows out of the door of day,
The pine-boughs toss along the way,
And the open road runs over and on
Whither the souls of the dead are gone,
Dead feet patter, dead voices say,
Over the hills and far away!

Georgiana Goddard King
THE MEANS, NOT THE END

The Correlation Between Drawing and Handwork—
Their Mission in the Public School Curriculum

The following lines from Dr. Frederick G. Bonsen’s “Art Creed” give us an insight into the real function of art in our public schools, and furnish ideals worthy of our sincerest acceptance.

My Art Creed

“I BELIEVE:

THAT THE APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY IN THE THOUSAND COMMON THINGS OF DAILY LIFE WILL RESULT IN THE FINAL APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY AS A DISSOCIATED IDEAL.

THAT NOTHING IN MAN’S LIFE IS TOO TRIVIAL TO BE MADE MORE WORTHY BY BEING DONE IN THE SPIRIT AND WITH THE PERFECTION OF THE ART IDEAL.

THAT THE MISSION OF ART IS TO TEACH A LOVE OF BEAUTIFUL HOUSEHOLDS, BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES, BEAUTIFUL UTENSILS, BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS, AND ALL TO THE END THAT LIFE ITSELF MAY BE RICH AND FULL OF BEAUTY IN ITS HARMONY, ITS PURPOSES, AND ITS IDEALS.

THAT THE MATERIALS OF INDUSTRY—PAPER AND WOODS AND METALS AND CLAYS AND FIBERS—MUST BE REGARDED AS BUT MEDIA FOR THE EXPRESSION OF A LIFE PROBLEM WITH BEAUTY OF FORM AND COLOR AS AN INSEPARABLE ELEMENT IN ITS RESOLUTION.

THAT CHILDREN HAVE AN INALIENABLE RIGHT TO THE INSPIRATION AND UPLIFT OF THOSE RARE SPIRITS WHOSE CREATIVE GENIUS HAS GIVEN US THE MASTERPIECES OF ART IN ALL ITS FORMS.

THAT THE EFFECTIVE TEACHER OF ART MUST BE A LARGE PERSONALITY, A GREAT SOUL, CHARACTERIZED BY SIMPLICITY, SINCERITY, LOVE OF CHILD LIFE, FAITH IN THE ETERNAL HOPEFULNESS OF LIFE, DEEPLY CONSCIOUS OF HUMAN MEANINGS AND RELATIONSHIPS, SYMPATHETICALLY RESPONSIVE TO NATURE AND PASSIONATELY DEVOTED TO AN IDEALISM THAT GIVES BEAUTY ITS ONLY JUSTIFICATION WHEN IT IS UNIFIED WITH GOODNESS AND TRUTH.”
This "art spirit" should pervade all work. Is it not, therefore, the duty of all teachers in every department of public school work, to promote on the part of the pupil a desire for beauty in the thousand common things of daily life? Let us not leave this to art teachers alone. Opportunities present themselves on every hand, and the teacher, whose foremost ideal is to develop the child's character, will make use of all such opportunities, whether they present themselves in the form of caring for and beautifying the classroom, the home, and the person, or whether they come in the shape of the beauties of out-of-doors.

Every teacher can make the following portion of the "Art Creed" her own, because it embraces all human activity—"I believe that nothing in man's life is too trivial to be made more worthy by being done in the spirit and with the perfection of the art ideal."

It is the purpose of this article to present drawing and handwork, or fine and applied arts, as two of the most efficient tools for realizing the ideals set forth in the foregoing paragraphs.

Art seems to have grown out of an attitude of play toward work with textiles, metals, wood, clay, foods, leather, and paper. The progress of the race, intellectually and spiritually, seems, in some measure, to be paralleled by a growth in control of these raw materials. The child of today comes into a very complex industrial situation. Acquaintance with it comes all too much from a mercenary standard. Factories have taken industrial processes out of the home. The child of today gets no comprehension of the worth of an industrial product which results from its being the expression of the best thought of the worker.

To give appreciation of the results of human thought as expressed thru these materials; to give a wholesome attitude toward a society made up of independent workers, to give the child, thru participating in some of the industrial processes, insight into the meaning of these race activities; to give concrete tangible expression to the ideas which the growing child gets thru contact with industrial products; to dignify labor thru bringing to consciousness the close connection of human toil with the great thought of the world, as expressed in music, literature, painting, sculpture, archi-

...
architecture, and work in clay and metals—these are some of
the things which a course in industrial arts and drawing
in the elementary school can do.

No other courses seem to be meeting the demands
of the times as well as our so-called 'courses in drawing.'
"Drawing" has grown to be paper-cutting, printing,
bookbinding, costume designing, pottery, the making of
embroideries, and many other crafts. All this results
in making children, both in the grades and in the high
schools, feel that their skill in drawing is of some
actual use.

Modern drawing courses are full of lessons in the
study of color and of design in all its forms, including
pure design and design as applied to printing, to con-
struction work, and to all phases of hand work. The aes-
thetic and the practical receive equal attention. There
is something for every child to enjoy in an up-to-date
course in "Drawing."

The other day a sensible business man said, "While
I have some ideas as to what my children should be
taught in school, my chief concern is that accuracy and
thoroness shall be insisted upon in all things, for these
qualities are demanded of every young man and woman
entering business industry"—an old-fashioned idea
coming from an up-to-date business man, the manager of
an industrial plant in the east. He voices the complaint
of industry, that the conspicuous weakness of our young
people is inaccuracy.

Adolf A. Berle, in his fine book, Teaching in the
Home, says, "There are two kinds of persons who never
amount to anything in this world: the people who can-
ot do exactly what they are told, and the people who
cannot do anything else." A drawing teacher discusses
this statement as follows: "It is not easy to determine
which of these two types of persons enters upon the busi-
ness of life with the greater handicap; certainly the
young man who cannot take directions correctly and
execute orders explicitly is confronted with failure at
the start. Likewise, the plodding fellow without imagi-
nation gives small promise of success. As educators,
however, we are bound to reproach ourselves less for
the latter weakness than the former, since initiative
is largely a matter of natural endowment, while inac-
Accuracy is the result of faulty training, and its prevalence points an accusing finger at our failure."

There is no place for young people who have not been trained in accuracy and thoroneness, and the first step in industrial education is the development of those qualities which have a negotiable value in business.

But let us not make the mistake of depending too much upon the physical forms of education; the spirit in which it is conducted is of more vital importance. The child who bends over a drawing of a flower which he has gathered and the one who composes his type in the school printing shop may or may not be receiving industrial training, according to the attitudes both of the teacher and the student toward the problem. Forms in education as in all else, must change to suit new conditions, but the demand for accuracy and thoroness will ever give these qualities a cash value.

The drawing teacher has a unique opportunity for the cultivation of this attitude of exactness. Drawing has always been valued as a means for the accomplishment of this end. The teaching of good drawing, accurate drawing, and intelligent drawing, constitutes a practical form of industrial training.

Much is said today concerning the inter-relation of drawing and construction. We realize how necessary these two phases of work are to each other; this idea is spreading day by day. Results are gradually being attained that show the helpfulness of the proper inter-relation with the work in geography, arithmetic, nature study, and other subjects of the curriculum.

Knowing conditions as they are, it is essential that we, as teachers, do all in our power to develop these inter-relationships, and thus avoid the unnecessary repetition which has so often caused the teaching of the fine and industrial arts to be characterized as "a fad."

When they are properly taught, they are of the greatest value in giving a clear insight into the mysteries which surround child life.

Dr. Frederick G. Bonser says, in a recent article on The Place of Drawing in the Study of the Arts: "The time has come for some plain speaking on the subject of drawing. As an average, the efforts of high school pupils to make sketches of apparatus used in
science work, descriptive drawings of an object seen, or plans for a project to be constructed, are almost pathetic. Any but the simplest elements of representation and perspective are quite beyond most of them. If there had been no work in the elementary school which presumed to give them a foundation in drawing, the problem would be less discouraging. In that case we could set about developing elementary school courses. But even those pupils who have had from six to eight years in "art," "art and design," "fine art," or "drawing," are often little superior to those who have had no such work. The problem is largely one of revision and reform of courses already existing."

Much confusion exists as to the aim of drawing and its relationship to the other forms of work of both the artist and the artisan. If drawing could come to be appreciated for what it is—a tool as in penmanship or the multiplication table—method and means for increased efficiency in its use could soon be developed.

Dr. Bonser further advises that the remedy for the inefficiency in drawing, so evident in most of our schools, lies in:

1. Clearly organizing the elements or principles of drawing in such a sequence that the pupil makes definite progress from month to month, grade to grade. This means the selection of the simplest elements for emphasis in the first year; the elements next following in progress for the second year; those following naturally for greater effectiveness for emphasis in the third year, and so on, each month, each year adding definitely something new and making more and more effective that which has gone before by use and review.

2. Motivating every new element by a problem having an appreciable worth in itself and requiring the effective usage of the respective new element. By this means the pupil will also see the use and value of the new element, will have an interest in its mastery, and will apply himself with zest and persistence in making it a part of his working skill. He will see that without it he cannot make further progress in the work he wishes to do.

3. Adequate opportunity for practice in perfecting
pupils in the use of each new element after its worth is made apparent.

The proper emphasis upon drawing as a tool does not mean neglect of other phases of either fine or industrial arts, but rather the proper placing of drawing in its relationship to these. It is indeed desirable to organize the work so that no element of drawing will be taken up until a need for it is shown by the demands of specific problems in fine or industrial arts. This will clearly make its use as a tool apparent and necessary. This will make clear the only reason that exists for drawing—that in it we have a tool, a language, a means of expression or interpretation for which there is no substitute.

What benefit does a child receive from his daily lessons in drawing? By "drawing" we mean the representation of form and of design. Of course to educators the fundamental reason for teaching this subject is that thru such training the child is given another form of self-expression, but even those persons who do not see this large value in the study of drawing can see the direct advantage such as the physical and the mental development which comes thru its practise. It is no longer denied that the child who has had training in handwork has better muscular control and a keener power of observation than the untrained one. Many forms of handwork, not strictly a part of a course in drawing, can be made the means of teaching the fundamentals of color, and of design while giving the pupils the training that is designed really to teach his hand to obey his brain. Weaving offers wonderful opportunities in this respect. Again, while children are very careful observers of things in which they are deeply interested, thru the practise of drawing they become interested in and well informed about many things of which they would otherwise be ignorant. Many children are awakened to a realization of their bird neighbors thru their lessons in painting birds from pictures at school. They learn to know flowers and trees in the same way and afterward they add to their knowledge gained in school because of the genuine interest developed there. In this relation to nature study, drawing is a most valuable tool.

A well known supervisor of drawing says, and it is
clearly true, that this power to observe keenly and to seek accurate information is one which should be developed early; it is a habit and one which should be formed in childhood. There are no studies except the sciences which will develop the habit of accurate thinking as well as drawing and the manual arts! And surely in no line of business and in no profession is there a power more useful to the business or professional man than the ability to observe correctly and think accurately.

Of these benefits the child himself is unconscious. While we are studying the best ways to increase his powers, physical and mental, to their utmost, the child’s joy in life is increased daily.

"The child who has painted a blue sky with fleecy clouds is going to feel that every glorious sunny day is his. He can never look up into the big blue dome again without feeling the joy of the creator." Perhaps he has never known the sky is blue until he is taught to paint a blue sky. Then he looks and sees that it is blue sometimes, and he learns a hundred other things about it. The joys of discovery and investigation are his as well as the joy of the power to express the things he knows.

Drawing is so fundamentally a necessary tool that every child should become master of its more essential elements. Capacity in drawing is not limited to the few, as is originality of a high order in design. Any one can learn to draw reasonably well. The problem is to make the values and necessity of drawing so great thru the use of continued specific problems requiring it, that all pupils will have motive and interest in developing usable skill in its elementary forms. This accomplished, the more specialized forms, whether for artist or artisan, will follow on a sure foundation.

Frances I. Mackey
MY CITY OF HARBOR LIGHTS

There's a wonderful city, lying
Just inside the harbor bar,
   Where the lights shine bright
   Thru the winter night,
Guiding my ships from afar.
'Tis a city of love and laughter,
A city of peace and good will,
   Where dreams come true
   And one lives anew
By the sea that is fruitful still.

The way to this dreamland city
Lies far down the River of Care,
   Where my ships sail away
   To the end of the day—
Sail on to my city so fair!
Tho one seems lost on the journey,
Tho one seems a phantom form,
   The hand of fate
   And envy and hate
Are stayed in the howling storm.

When at last they gain the harbor,
And I catch its first friendly beam
   Thru the threatening dark
   That has shrouded my bark,
My heart sings joy to the gleam.
My eyes grow steady with courage,
   I taste the elixir of life,
   And my burdens grow light
   In that radiance bright,
In my city that's free from strife.

Far away in the Land of Fancy,
Just inside the harbor bar,
   All the lights shine bright
   Thru the livelong night,
Guiding my ships from afar.
There's a city of love and of laughter,
A city where hope invites,
   And those who fare
   Down the River of Care
Sing joy for the harbor lights.

GENEVA G. MOORE
WHY WE ARE AT WAR

During the summer of 1914, Austria declared war upon Servia. From this seemingly small beginning, the present Great War has grown, surpassing in magnitude and extent all previous combats known to man. Nation after nation has been drawn into the maelstrom, and on April 6, 1917, after a period of neutrality extending from the beginning, the United States government formally declared war upon Germany. The resources and strength of this great nation, totaling more than any one of the present warring nations, have been pledged and promised to a successful completion of the conflict, and to the defeat of the Prussian government as it stands today.

The struggle is not one of our own choosing. We desire no conquest, no additional territory. We have no fire of vengeance burning in our hearts, we care neither to humiliate, nor to destroy. The unrelenting attitude of the Prussian government in their disregard of the rights of mankind has forced us to take up arms against them. Justification for our action is ample, and we enter the war, firm in the belief that it is the duty we owe ourselves, the duty we owe all humanity. We are convinced that we are fighting for right, and upon this right rests the future of civilization as we see it.

For a complete understanding and a clear conception of why we are at war, it is necessary to go back and review briefly the events of the past few years. When Germany first entered this war, she failed to arouse in America that sympathy, that understanding, that quick response, so characteristic of the American people for those whom they believe to be in the right. The principles of law and humanity were seemingly placed under the Prussian heel of militarism, to be trampled and crushed, ridiculed and forgotten. Nation after nation has turned against them; and the protest raised against the inhuman and illegal conduct of the German submarine has come from all nations and all peoples.

It might be well to mention at this time, as illustrating the characteristic attitude of the German government, the war upon Belgium. Claiming military necessity and expediency as their reason, the German forces marched into Belgium without just cause.
Not content with using this ill-fated country for their own selfish ends, a policy of ruthless and uncalled for destruction of property was adopted. In addition the citizens themselves were mistreated and insulted. An oppressive and unjust military government was established, forcing the people to yield those rights and privileges, which are due all civilized people. As a fitting climax to this rule of might and tyranny, the Belgians were finally deported into Germany, where they virtually became slaves, following the dictates of their German masters. No such similar action is known to modern times, and the sympathies of all humanity have been aroused and fired against the nation guilty of such acts. The United States in patience and forbearance overlooked these acts, hoping and believing the German government would vindicate themselves, and show themselves to be the friends of human justice. Alas, Such hopes and beliefs have been rudely destroyed, and Prussianism has shown itself in its true character in its latest policy of ruthless and heartless submarine warfare!

For years, thru custom and treaties, there has grown up a body of international law, representing the humane tendencies of nations in their desire to free the seas and make them the open highways of the world. To establish and maintain these principles the United States has waged war and made sacrifices, as champions and defenders of this great law of nations. Germany alone of the nations has shown utter disregard and contempt for the treaties and laws of international import.

Among the principles as established by international law there are none more fundamental nor more far-reaching than those governing the treatment of neutral vessels and neutral citizens in time of war. The right of one belligerent to wage war upon the shipping of another has ever been recognized; the right of one belligerent to blockade the ports of an enemy power is realized as one of the strongest measures of war. Lists of contraband may be declared by warring nations and such cargoes are liable to capture at all times. These rights as stated are acknowledged and upheld by all modern governments, but certain restrictions are placed upon the methods which can be legally used in the exercise of these rights.
Among these restrictions are those known as the right of search and examination. That is, any vessel, whether neutral or not, may be legally stopped on high seas by any belligerent vessel and the cargo examined. Should the cargo be contraband and the vessel belong to the enemy, it may either be sunk or carried into a port as a prize. Ample provision, however, must be made for the safeguarding of the lives of the crew and passengers. Again, no vessel may be sunk without warning, and only when the warned vessel deliberately attempts to escape or resist the right of search, can it be legally sunk. These restraints upon maritime warfare have been observed by all warring nations of the Entente Alliance. Germany has not adhered to these principles, and it has been thru a flagrant and total disregard and abuse of international law that Germany has forced the United States to declare war and defend these rights which belong to all mankind.

On and after the first day of February of this year the Imperial German Government has put aside all restraints of law of humanity and has used its submarines to sink all vessels of all nations. This policy in part has been the policy of the German government for some time, but up to the time mentioned above, some attempts, feeble and not very satisfactory, had been made to abide by law and humanity. For the past two months, however, vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their nature, their port, their route, have been ruthlessly attacked and sent to the bottom without warning. No thought of mercy was given those on board, no attempt was made to safeguard their lives. Men, women, and children have been murdered. Ships of belligerent and of friendly nations have suffered alike; cargo-laden vessels, as well as those carrying only ballast, have been destroyed. Even hospital ships appropriately marked and provided with safe conduct by the German authorities have shared the fate of others. All principles of law, all humane tendencies of civilized nations, have been violated by the Prussian government.

This present German submarine warfare is not merely a war against the United States, it is a war against mankind, and we have acted, as must every nation, as we deem it our duty. It is inconceivable how we could submit to this tyranny and piracy; and to up-
hold these rights so openly abused, we have declared war, and have thereby declared our determination and purpose to guard and maintain the rights of international law.

This is not the only reason however, why Germany has forfeited the right of our friendship and trust. Thru her representatives in Mexico, an attempt was made to arouse hatred and incite a rebellion against the American Government. We looked upon Germany as our friend, we trusted her as true to her pledges; while all the time influence was being exerted by the Imperial Government upon Mexico to declare war upon us, and as a reward, a portion of our country was to be granted them. Plans had also been advanced for Mexico to arouse Japan against the United States. Moreover, within our own border intrigue exists, intrigue backed and financed by the Imperial Government. The official representatives of the German government have betrayed their trust, and have plotted against the peace of our country, and have aimed to cripple and destroy the industrial strength of our nation.

With a government, employing such methods as we have stated, friendly relations cannot be maintained. Not only is the peace and future of our own nation hanging in the balance, but there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world in the presence of such a government. To defeat these evils, to overcome these forces, we have taken up arms, as did our forefathers in the past.

By entering this war, the United States is not ceasing to be the follower of those ideals of peace and justice, of freedom and right, upon which our government rests. On the contrary, it raises these ideals to a nobler and more lofty position. The tendencies of nations that have not these ideals must be curbed and checked. Failure to face these realities and overcome them would mean failure of our ideals, and in their place we would be substituting a foolish and impractical sentimentality, devoid of those qualities which cause a nation to rise up for justice and right. In the words of President Wilson:

"Right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who
submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

RAYMOND C. DINGLEDINE

An impulse, a moment, an act—
Years to recall it again;
Yet its power hath never an end,
For the help that it carried was felt
Deep in the life of a friend.

A moment, an impulse, an act—
   Storm-clouds, chaos, the dark;
A principle shattered that day;
A dream of a child-heart dead;
A good that had passed away.

LINDA CARTER
One of the most serious problems before the world today is that of the high cost of living. In all sections of our country we find organized groups of individuals, whose efforts show in marked degrees of effectiveness, from women's clubs to national governmental bodies, studying the problem, seriously purposing to overcome those phases which are preventable and which are without justification.

By figures which show the results of recent investigations we are informed that in our United States a waste amounting to $700,000,000 annually accumulates from poor kitchen management; and we find too that the women, as direct retail purchasing agents, spend ninety percent of the wealth of our country. Can we not, then, justly go to the woman for the remedy of a large percentage of the cause of the high cost of living?

Surely, every woman has a responsibility larger than her family circle, for home economy means community economy, and community economy means national economy, and national economy, means world economy. As the business manager of the home the woman can make Home Management a business of many phases and go at it daily with the same attitude as does the man who goes out to his business. The successful man succeeds because he puts into his business a knowledge of business affairs seasoned with hard work. The same principles applied to woman's work will give her success.

There are many sources to which a woman may go for a knowledge of her business. Perhaps the most common source is experience, and experience as a teacher can be valuable or can be ignored. Experience, whether it results in failure or in success, should be the basis for building. Not a single aspect should be ignored or neglected, but should be duly recorded for future reference. Easily available additional sources of information are the daily newspaper, household and scientific magazines, books, public lectures, and the very effective and instructive moving picture film.

Too many women treat their business as they do the eight day clock. Start its hands moving and go off and
leave it, and after some time awake to the fact that it is out of order or run down because of lack of attention. And because of this lack of attention there may have accumulated a disastrous financial condition resulting from many factors. Some of these features may be ungoverned waste of material, time, and equipment, two high expenses due to no budget system, a loss of money thru inattention to bills, and a loss of money due to poor methods of buying.

Considered as fundamental principles of buying, several important factors may be mentioned. The most serious and perhaps the most easily governed is that one which should be considered first—*How much to spend.* This always should be a definite percentage of the income. While there is a recommended safe percentage the amount should after all be governed by individual tastes. Economists working for home betterment report that they find very few household expense accounts and that those available are very unsatisfactory; so that at present it seems almost impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion as to what might be the cause of the trouble or what could be the remedy for it. Perhaps, after all, the real trouble is that there are no records kept. The remedy, then, to a large extent might be found in the keeping of records. Investigation has shown that families have gotten into financial disgrace with income and expense as unbalanced as this. Income $39.00 and food expense $68.00 per month. This is an actual case and shows the danger which may easily occur when there is no system of planning ahead and keeping accounts, so that the sum of all the expenses may fall within the amount of the income.

In seeking a remedy for the high cost of living we find that tho the production and supply of certain articles have been somewhat diminished, demand and consumption have not been lessened in proportion and that distribution has been unequal. The women who buy could profitably study the situation and by careful management lessen the demand and consumption, thereby keeping the prices normal.

The merchants will usually make their markets meet the demands of the public. Unusual weather or shopping conditions may make certain articles very scarce, but the demand will be supplied and the resulting
abnormal price is paid for the unusual effort expended to get the articles demanded. This addition to the high cost of living might have been avoided if the purchasers had been informed as to what to expect on the market that day. No doubt a lower priced article could have been substituted. An unusual storm along our coasts is sure to lessen the catch of fish, so we might as well expect an increase in price unless we lower the demand to the extent of keeping the supply and demand equalized. If our army must be fed on beans, then we must plan to use less of them or pay the increased price. If our hens do not produce a June supply of eggs in January, can we not lower the egg consumption in January? Should we plan to use the same amount of potatoes that we have always used when we have every reason to believe that the supply has been deminished by one half? These factors are of very great importance to us financially.

The local merchants usually are in a position to give the purchasers better advice than they are ready to receive. They can give better bargains than the purchaser knows how to use. They are quick to judge human nature, and very soon find out whether the woman knows her business or not. They very soon know her standards better than she knows them herself and they will supply her needs according to her standards. Very soon too they know if they can take advantage of her ignorance and, if they do, who has the moral responsibility?

The market is a reflection of the demands of the retail purchasers. They create the market and are responsible for its character. By public demands standards are established which should be conducive to the health of the community. We see too in the market place the community standards of sanitation.

"Responsible spending means spending with a knowledge of the highest physical, moral, and spiritual needs, spending unselfishly, helpfully, with a thought for those who sell and a sympathy for those who toil. Spending to construct higher standards of living." Every retail purchaser has a civic responsibility and unless there occurs some unusual reason for doing otherwise she should buy locally. She should go personally to the market often enough to know the
merchant, the market conditions, and the supply, and often enough that the merchant may know her standards and personality.

Surely, in the market place, if anywhere, courtesy works both ways. The gentlewoman who treats the merchant as her friend, making her purchases not in the spirit of the commander will receive only the most courteous attention; and she may have absolute confidence that she will receive fair treatment in the filling of the orders and in the delivery of them. She is the type of customer who is heartily welcomed in the market place. So often we hear the woman say in giving her order “Give me the best of that,” or, “Send me the best you have,” or perhaps pick out from the supply on hand as much of the best as she wants. She pays for the best and for the next best and for all that goes out in the garbage cans. The merchant must make his price to cover the loss thru discard and waste.

If a definite system of buying could replace our present haphazard method the merchant would be able to anticipate the demand and a better market condition at less expense to the merchant would result. Weekly or even monthly buying of staple articles should be sufficient. The daily orders for perishable articles is never the reason for the delivery wagons being kept going from morning until late at night. That condition may rather be attributed to careless methods of ordering.

Some of the factors which have immediate results in increasing the high cost problem locally are those methods of buying which increase the local merchant’s expenses. Several orders a day might be included in one. This would require much less of the time of the clerks and bookkeepers, probably resulting in a lower pay roll for the merchant. The expense of employees and delivery is added to the price of goods purchased and delivered. If a great amount of overhead expense is added, it then becomes “the price” rather than “the value” of the article purchased.

In all sections of our country Saturday is the busy market day. Saturday business is actually three times larger than is that of the other five days. On a less crowded day the woman can get much better attention, a better selection of goods, and a more prompt delivery of the order. It should usually be possible to anticipate
the needs of Sunday before Saturday; and surely it is possible to make the necessary purchases before late Saturday night. Monday, too, is a bad market day because perishable goods left over Sunday are no longer in good condition and the new order has not yet been delivered from the wholesale market.

The results of recent investigations show us that the effect of advertising is almost immediate. Demand and distribution are to a large degree regulated by advertising. Some of our most desirable food-stuffs have gained a prominent place in our diet thru advertising methods. It is, however, a lamentable fact that thru advertising fallacies some almost worthless articles have gained access to American homes. Knowing the effect of advertising upon the public, it is only reasonable to expect that articles highly advertised would increase in price owing to the greater demand and consumption.

The woman in the market place is there in search of satisfaction of a real or an imaginary want; if it be imaginary, self-justification can very quickly make it real. Satisfaction, however, is one of the things which money cannot buy, but satisfaction in the things bought must depend as largely upon the character of the operation of buying as upon the ideals in the mind of the buyer.

Woman’s responsibility in the problem of buying and spending is not a dream nor a passing fancy; it is an immediate condition. Here we get a vision of woman’s power of helpfulness thru her intelligent attitude and wise choice. Here, too, we see the ultimate satisfaction of mind and spirit resulting from the accomplishment of a common task done joyfully.

Hannah B. Corbett
INSTINCTIVE TENDENCIES
A CHILDHOOD SKETCH

The shore for some distance was dotted with castles, not unlike those which were built in the day when the good knights reigned; they were protected by well-made stone walls; moats surrounded them and it was not uncommon to find a well in the castle yard. They were built by those who knew little of the cares of the world and who were innocent of all danger, whose bare legs were bruised and burned and scarred and scratched, it is true, but not from life-threatening encounters.

Occasionally a mother would bestir herself from her chair to see what the fair builders were doing, but more often, “James, dear, don’t go out too far this morning,” would be all that broke the monotonous creak of the boards of the porch.

On this particular morning the castles were deserted. Once or twice a strong wave washed into the moats and over the walls, almost wrecking the castles completely. No childish laughter greeted this disaster; no strong hands were ready to build them up. The builders were otherwise engaged. Back from the water’s edge sat one, while the other seven walked slowly up and down the shore as if in quest of some lost treasure, sometimes stooping to dig, sometimes wading into the water and reaching down, but seemingly without success.

“Frances is such a gentle child, she wouldn’t hurt the tiniest creature,” remarked Mrs. Mellor, who stopped her knitting long enough to see that the children were still in sight.

“And Robert,” said Mrs. Austin—“do you know, last night he said that when he grew up he’d be a minister, and he won’t be six until next month. Isn’t it a relief to know that they are starting out on the right path?”

“This morning,” said Mrs. Leeds, when I was—”

Just then a shout arose. “I’ve got it; I’ve got it!” and seven little figures ran as fast as their bare feet would allow them to the one sitting on the sand.

“Surely they must have found something very wonderful, let’s go and see.”
As the mothers approached their darlings, they beheld an unusual sight. There in the sand was a hole; around it eight semi-serious, but intensely interesting faces; in it a fish wriggling for its life.

"Mother when you was a little girl did you ever bury fishes?" asked Frances, as the mother looked on in astonishment. "I'm going to be the grandmother at this funeral."

MARY L. SEEGER

WHEN BUDS AWAKE

'Tis April now, and nature is aglow;
Each budding leaf and dainty blossom gay,
Each tiny blade, awakened by the light,
Unfolds long-hidden beauties—fruitful charms.
Arbutus, trailing o'er gray, moss-grown rocks,
The fragrant harbinger of April showers,
Has long been followed by the purple violet,
That peeps from 'neath broad leaves in woodland green.
In sunlit fields the bluet nods her head;
In meadows verdant dandelions bloom;
The sparkling brooks that wind among the trees
Make music for the listening ear of youth.
The birds that build their nests in leafy bowers
Have come to us from southern climes afar,
To bring to all a message of God's love,
To brighten weary hearts with songs of cheer.
They trill their merry lays from early morn
Till deep'ning shadows tell that night is near;
Then to their homes they fly for welcome rest,
While heaven o'er all a silent vigil keeps.

BERTHA BURKHOLDER
MY LITTLE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE

How would it seem to be living near people who have never had the opportunity of seeing and knowing the world, except only a very small one, say, a rectangular world about seven miles long by two wide? That is the size of one I know, in which a great many people live, into which I entered one day in September, and in which I lived and worked for seven months.

Often, as we are frequently reminded, we do not know what our fellow men are doing. We are too busy with our own affairs to think of others, unless they are thought of as being of interest or benefit to us. Tho sometimes we do stray into "their world," as an odd sheep strays into a strange pasture, we cannot expect the stray sheep to do any good there. We feel, however, bound to help those that we see, when help is possible.

What would the teacher do if she were in a "strange pasture"—an unfamiliar school room—where the little children who come to her say that they have never read a book except their "readers," as they call them, or that the Uncle Remus story that she told was the first story of any sort that they had ever heard? Then, to have them work with all their might, doing everything possible for the teacher, for the sake of having her tell or read them one story every day or begging her to let them write on the blackboard, because they have never used one before—how would it all seem to her?

What, moreover, would she do if at recess she should see them just standing around and not playing? Would she say, "I cannot understand any child who does not play?" She would understand after going out into the yard and asking, "May I play with you? What game shall we play?" by having them all stare at her and ask, "What is a game? We have never heard of one before."

Then perhaps she will go out among them and teach them all the interesting games she knows. This makes them happy. Then she sees what they have missed and how rich and full, in contrast, her own childhood days were. She sees the little souls yearning for real happiness, after they have gotten a taste. She feeds them
with the best she knows and can gather for them, but she goes carefully and slowly, because they are like a group of people who have been nearly starved during a long voyage at sea; when they come to a place of plenty they must not be overfed suddenly.

You then feel that you are repaid, when a little smiling face greets you at every turn and a little voice says, ‘I wish that home was like school—then I could play sometimes there and I could read real stories and have some books. Maybe I could ‘learn’ papa and mamma to read the Bible and say their prayers, as you did us. I think ‘big sissy’ and and ‘buddy’ would like it here, even if they did say ‘Schoolin’ don’t do no good.’ Won’t you stay here all the time teacher?’

Does the teacher see where the trouble is, or see the place to start? It is no easy task. The home is where the child gets his first ideas. He thinks whatever is done there is perfectly right, especially anything the father says or does. When the father does not work or have any love or care for his home—does not care whether there is enough food in the house to keep away hunger or whether there are clothes enough to keep away cold—the hard task becomes a sad one. Does the teacher blame the child, as she sees him in the school, with his face dirty and his hair uncombed? No, she cannot blame him. She feels that she must help the parents. How to do this is the question. She takes a first step toward the parents thru the children. She tells them and shows them why it is better to come to school with nice, clean faces than with dirty ones. She perhaps tells them or reads to them a little story, such as this:

‘There were two little boys, Harry and Norman, who went to the same school. Harry was always neat and clean, had his face clean, and tried to keep his clothes clean; but Norman was dirty, with dirty face, dirty hands, and dirty finger nails. He never brushed his teeth and never had on a clean shirt. He could not study as well as Harry, for he was sick most of the time; and finally he became so weak that he couldn’t even go out to play with the other children. But Harry used to come to see him and tell him everything that happened at school. One day a good man, a doctor came to the school while Norman was sick, and he asked the teacher ever so many questions. The teacher and the doctor
talked for a long time; then the teacher told the doctor that one of her pupils, a boy named Norman, was sick. The doctor asked if he might go to see Norman. The teacher was very glad of this, so she then asked Harry to show the doctor where Norman lived. This made Harry very happy, because he always tried to be polite and do as his teacher told him. The good doctor looked at Norman closely and said to his mother, 'Let me have some hot water. I think I can make your little boy well.'

The poor little tired mother was very happy over this. She did everything the good doctor told her. He bathed Norman thoroly and went away, but before leaving he told Norman's mother to do every day as she had seen him do, and if she did so, Norman would soon be well. She bathed him faithfully and soon he was well and back at school again. After that Norman always took his bath, because he was afraid of getting sick again. This caused the family to take the same medicine—good, regular baths—such as the doctor had given Norman. Norman's parents thought that the doctor was the greatest man they had ever seen, because he had saved their little boy."

Even after telling the children things like this, the teacher found a child now and then who would say, 'Pa don't comb his hair or 'wash up' 'cept when he goes to town every year— and he's a man.'

Not often will a child say this, because he will see some of his play fellows looking neat and clean. Little dirty Jimmie, who 'didn't care,' will soon come to school looking just as clean as any of the other children.

The teacher then visits the homes and learns to know the parents better. She asks their advice and their opinions about various things, at the same time giving them a few suggestions, without appearing to do so. When she wins their confidence and cooperation she is safe. Then they will help 'the teacher' do anything—even to trying to turn the world over—if she just says 'do it.'

If the teacher had gone into a community like this and had come out of it again, leaving it just as it was, she doubtless would have felt like the man who heard Opportunity knocking on his door, but did not take the trouble to say, "Come in!"

The people in that world of two by seven actually
The Normal Bulletin

came to see and appreciate many of the good things of life—the things worth while. They learned, in an encouraging measure, to distinguish the right from the wrong and to understand more fully the love and providence of God. A prayer meeting was organized, and each member was given some special thing to do whenever possible. From this they got the feeling that they were really needed, and then a wonderful growth was possible.

We may say that the people in such a little world are satisfied, and think it best to let them go on and live their own life. We say this, simply because we do not know the conditions or do not care to undertake the task. If this be true, then our own life is narrow—shut up in a little world also. We find time and ways to do the things that are thought to be for our own interest.

Shall we stay in the great world that is happy and full of light, or shall we seek out some little narrow world that needs the light?

Georgie Etta Foreman
In view of the approaching annual session of the Virginia Association of Colleges and Schools for Girls, to be held at the Radford State Normal School April 26-27, it seems desirable to recall the chief facts of its last meeting. This was held June 13-15, 1916, at Chatham Episcopal Institute, and was a very delightful social occasion, school and town vying with each other in charming hospitality. It was a fine opportunity also for gathering information on questions affecting schools for women. The Virginia institutions represented were Blackstone, Chatham, Farmville, Fredericksburg, Harrisonburg, Hollins, Randolph-Macon Institute, Roanoke Institute, Sweet Briar, Virginia College, Virginia Intermont, and Westhampton. The heads of most of these institutions were present, making with other delegates and visitors a total of fifty in attendance. Dean Keller, of Westhampton, was among the newcomers welcomed by the association. Dean Lord, of Goucher College, Baltimore, was a most helpful guest. Neighborly greetings came from schools for boys thru Principals William Holmes Davis, of Danville, and T. Ryland Sanford, of Chatham. Dr. Orie L. Hatcher, head of the Bureau of Vocations for Women, is always a moving spirit at these meetings; and Miss Ella G. Agnew, who spoke on Canning Club Work, belongs to all the girls of Virginia. Miss Susan M. Lough, of Westhampton, Miss Carrie B. Taliaferro, of Farmville, and Miss Mary S. Gammon, of Fredericksburg, gave fine suggestions as to ways of vitalizing the teaching of history, mathematics, and English. Principal Charles G. Evans, of Randolph-Macon Institute, was welcomed among the members once more. He made a strong plea for Latin and took helpful part in the various discussions. The association deeply regretted that Dr. Mary K. Benedict was leaving Sweet Briar and Virginia. The fact that she will still retain membership in this body is comforting. To Mr. Estes Cocke, of Hollins—absent for the first time within the history of the association—was sent a telegram of sympathy in the bereavement which kept him away.
The keynote of the meeting was information, more light on the subject of college entrance and advanced credit in special, as well as on the whole Junior College problem in general. The most important resolutions adopted were those included in the report of the Committee on Standardization. These, abbreviated and combined with other significant acts of the association at this session, are as follows:

1. That the plan of college entrance recently adopted by Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Mt. Holyoke, jointly, be carefully considered by the entire association during the coming year, and that, in furtherance of this, a copy of the plan be sent at once to the head of each institution represented in the association, and as many more copies as are desired be made available through the Secretary of the association.

2. That a committee consisting of representatives from A. B. colleges, junior colleges, and secondary schools be appointed to study the plan more intensively for the light which it may throw upon the college entrance situation in Virginia, and that this committee be asked to report at the next meeting of the association.

3. That the Committee on Standardization choose and associate with itself the aforesaid committee, for the work of the year; and that the Standardization Committee be further enlarged by the addition of Mr. James M. Grainger, of Farmville, as secretary to compile the records of the work done by high school pupils in various colleges.

4. That we join with many other institutions of the country in asking that an extra set of the College Entrance Board examinations be given in May, in order to meet the needs of private schools, and that we send this request at once, in order that it may be considered along with those from other directions.

5. That in view of the continued and increasing agitation through the country of the question of junior college standards, we wait for further light before attempting recommendations of any final sort, but that junior colleges be urged to focus their efforts, at least for the present, on courses which are the natural content of the freshman and sophomore years; and, among these, upon such courses as involve the minimum requirement in the way of laboratories; also that they ac-
quire from the colleges with which they are seeking affiliation as explicit information as possible in regard to the library resources needed for doing the work of these first two years adequately. The committee believes that another year, and especially two years more, will bring a considerable amount of light upon the general problem of the Junior College, both from the many institutions of this type throughout the South and West, and from the colleges and universities with which the junior colleges must effect relationship throughout the country.

6. That while granting all the difficulties in the way of a generally accepted standard, and the practical necessity for meeting them from year to year, the association fix its aim upon the final attainment of a generally accepted standard for the secondary school, the junior college, and the A. B. college; and that each year mark some progress as definite as possible, however slight, towards that goal.

7. That our schools should call special attention to the scholarships offered by Hollins College, Sweet Briar College, Virginia College, and Virginia Intermont College to girls who pass successfully the College Entrance Board examinations.

Stuart Hall School received honorable mention as having most promptly fulfilled the requirement of the association by sending up the full number of successful candidates for the College Entrance examinations.

The regular Committee on Standardization has for some years consisted of Dr. Orie L. Hatcher, Virginia Bureau of Vocations for Women; President Julian A. Burruss, of Harrisonburg; and Dr. Mary K. Benedict, formerly of Sweet Briar. The associate members chosen by these since the Chatham resolutions are

Mr. James M. Grainger, Secretary
State Normal School, Farmville

Miss Mattie P. Harris
President Virginia College, Roanoke

President H. G. Noffsinger
Virginia Intermont College, Bristol

Mrs. L. May Willis
Chatham Episcopal Institute, Chatham

Miss Helen M. Baker
Collegiate School for Girls, Richmond
Much time was devoted to discussion of the very significant fact, mentioned above in the first resolution, that Mount Holyoke, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley have just cut their cables and launched out jointly upon a new plan of college entrance similar to that adopted by Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. In 1919 admission by certificate will be entirely abolished by the four standard women's colleges mentioned. In the interim candidates may enter by certificate or by the present method of examination in all subjects or by the new plan of four "comprehensive examinations," which plan is believed to combine the best elements of the certificate system and of the examination system.

The comprehensive examinations are to be only four in number, and are to test for intellectual power rather than merely to measure the amount of knowledge accumulated in the whole range of secondary school studies. The candidate is to choose her four subjects as follows: (1) English or history; (2) a foreign language; (3) mathematics or chemistry or physics; (4) a fourth subject, chosen by the applicant with the approval of the college committee.

In addition to these examinations, there will be required "a school report covering the entire record of subjects and grades for four years, and a statement from the school principal including an estimate of the applicant's scholarly interests, special ability, and character." In consequence of these new measures the custom of having weak students enter college burdened with conditions will be done away with and the word "unit" will henceforth be tabooed from the vocabulary of these institutions.

Dean Lord said that Goucher has not fully entered into the foregoing plan with her sister colleges, but
has worked out for her own purposes a more elastic scheme. She will continue to admit by certificate, as well as by either examination plan, relying much upon the statement of the secondary school principal that the candidate is of college calibre. But, once admitted, the student is expected to make good—is on probation, as it were—and failing to measure up to college standards in the first year, must lose her ranking.

Dr. James Cannon suggested that a copy of the Goucher plan be sent out by our Secretary, along with the Comprehensive Examination circular. Miss Lord consented to supply for this purpose a hundred copies of the Goucher announcement.

Miss Mary Somerville Gammon, the energetic secretary of the association, has disseminated throughout the membership this and other literature bearing on our special problems. She has also sought in every way possible to ascertain the drift of educational thought in regard to the possible solution of these.

Further, she has arranged a live and reliable program for the coming meeting at Radford. There is no guesswork about this. Every speaker announced has promised to be there. Dr. S. P. Capen, specialist in higher education, of the United States Bureau of Education, is positively engaged to be present at the opening session to speak and to answer questions. This assures the interest and success of the meeting. No visitor will be willing, by a late arrival, to forego such an opportunity. Attention is called to the fact that the meeting opens at eight o’clock on the evening of Thursday, April 26, which is very convenient for those arriving from the Southwest at half-past four and also for delegates coming two hours later from the North and East by way of the train leaving Roanoke at ten minutes of five. The final adjournment at the close of the next evening’s session will enable delegates to reach Roanoke by midnight Friday night, or else to take advantage of morning trains on Saturday. This abridgment of our usual program is to be achieved only by beginning at once with the real work of the session on the first evening. Stress will be laid upon the questions: What has this association accomplished? What has it failed to accomplish? What might it accomplish? What shall it definitely undertake to accomplish?
The number of those who have signified their intention of coming is unusually large, and it is hoped that an unprecedented attendance this year will demonstrate the fact that a date within the school session is not undesirable. Dr. J. P. McConnell, as host, opens wide the doors of the Radford Normal School in hospitality to the delegates and other visitors. These are urged to notify him at once of their proposed attendance.

ELIZABETH P. CLEVELAND, President

PROGRAM

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 26

8 O’CLOCK

A Word of Welcome_________Dr. J. P. McConnell
Radford State Normal School

Response for the Association____Miss Mattie P. Harris
Virginia College

President’s Report____Miss Elizabeth P. Cleveland
Harrisonburg State Normal School

THE MINIMUM REQUISITES OF
THE STANDARD A. B. COLLEGE

Dr. S. P. Capen, Specialist in Higher Education
United States Bureau of Education

Open Discussion
Leaders: President W. A. Webb, Randolph-Macon Woman’s College; President Emille W. McVea, Sweet Briar College; President Mattie P. Harris, Virginia College; President Matty L. Cocke, Hollins College; Dean May L. Keller, Westhampton College

FRIDAY, APRIL 27

MORNING SESSION—9:30 O’CLOCK

SUBJECTS: THE JUNIOR COLLEGE—
THE SECONDARY SCHOOL

Report of the Standardization Committee
Dr. Orie L. Hatcher, Chairman
Virginia Bureau of Vocations for Women
Open Discussion

Leaders: Dr. S. P. Capen, United States Bureau of Education; President Mattie P. Harris, Virginia College; President Emilie W. McVea, Sweet Briar College; Dr. W. T. Sanger, Harrisonburg State Normal School

What Has Our Association Accomplished in Standardization?

Professor M. Estes Cocke, Hollins College
Mrs. L. May Willis, Chatham Episcopal Institute

**Brief Business Session—12:30 to 1 O’clock**

**Afternoon Session—3 O’clock**

**Subject: Miscellaneous Topics**

How to Recognize Excellence in Work Done by a Student throughout Her A. B. Course
Latin and English Requirements for the A. B. Course
Methods of Registration
Which is More Desirable for Virginia Schools and Colleges—to Divide the Session into Semesters or Trimesters?

**Evening Session—8 O’clock**

**A Symposium on the Teaching of English**

Some Echoes from the Southern Conference of Teachers of English
Professor J. M. Grainger, Farmville State Normal School
College Entrance Requirements in English
Professor Charles G. Maphis, University of Virginia
The Movement for Better Speech

It has been the intention of the Program Committee to make all the sessions very informal and somewhat in the nature of a round-table. The program will not be limited to the topics mentioned, but any member present may propose a subject for discussion.
SUMMER BLOSSOMING PLANTS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL GROUNDS

The clovers and their allies are of such frequent occurrence and general interest as to be placed first in this partial list of the plant life which has interested successive nature study classes in past sessions of the Summer School at Harrisonburg.

There has not been sufficient re-seeding to render the familiar Red Clover very abundant, but it can be found occasionally along the fences and in the orchard, and last year in the new seeding beyond the tennis courts.

The lowly White Clover is hardly more abundant, and what one would call white clover may be a hybrid of the red and the white. The Hop Clover and its more lowly sister, the Low Hop Clover, with their small yellow flower heads, carpet large patches over the hill in the horse pasture, where the meadow larks love to hide their nests under the grassy hummocks. Here too is the Rabbit-foot Clover, with its Quaker hood of silk, evidently not greatly relished by the grazing Clydes, since they allow the iridescent gray blooms to reach perfection.

The Black Medick, which grows everywhere on the school grounds, is sometimes confounded with the hop clovers because of the similar yellow flower head. They are not so much alike, however, when you come to know them, the kidney-form pod of the medick being entirely different from the persistent dry head of its cousin clover. The medick, too, spreads more vigorously its prostrate shoots, is darker green in foliage and later in season.

The Sweet Clover, yellow and white, abound along the Chesapeake Western track, with occasional stunted plants about the barn, where the blade of the mower does not suffer them to reach their full stature of three or four feet at maturity. Like all the clovers mentioned above, they are immigrants from Europe—perhaps more recent comers than the rest—and like the human invaders of the New World, follow the trail westward. Six
years ago Alfalfa was rare in and near Harrisonburg. The vacant lot nearly opposite the Converse home grew a much-treasured perennial patch. It has since been successfully seeded in some of the young orchards and was plentiful last year, like the red clover, in the new seeding about the tennis courts.

The Valley has been too long under intensive cultivation to harbor many of the pulses, the clover allies. At Rawley, however, and on Massanutten they shelter in the woods in variety and quantity sufficient for both art and nature study of their attractive personalities.

The three best known cultivated grasses, Timothy, Orchard Grass, and Blue Grass, reach perfection in the fence corners and the orchard. Not brilliant enough to be popularly called flowers, the subdued purples and reds of their florets commend them equally with their graceful shape.

The two members of the composite family most in evidence on the campus are the ox-eye daisy, with whose white rays children tell off their fortune, and the smaller flowered Fleabane, the two species of which are common enough along the board walk.

The Parsleys likewise have two representatives, readily recalled by people who have the happy gift of noticing out-of-door life. The first, the coarse wild Parsnip, with its spreading umbels of yellow flowers and fruit, flourishes most vigorously in the waste land about the tannery, but abounds also in damp spots along the railroad. The second parsley is the Queen Anne’s Lace, a pernicious weed in the farmers’ fields, but well suited to decorative effects, beautiful and graceful enough for the mid-summer wedding.

A plant less well known than most of those already mentioned, but found in all the land not recently plowed in the school lawn, is the Narrow-leaved Vervain, whose purple spike and foliage would remind one of the narrow-leaved Plantain. It has the bad habit of turning black when pressed for the herbarium, both flower-stem and leaves.

Unfamiliar to many, also, is the mid-summer Five-finger of the Rose family. It closes or drops its yellow
petals at midday, but makes a brave show of lemon-yellow in the earlier hours.

The cultivated plants which have come to be distinctive of the borders and circular beds, giving an outline of bright colors to the gray limestone buildings, are the Hollyhock, the Nasturtiums, the Cannas of various species, and the single row of Sweet Peas, never quite reconciled to the hot sun and dry soil of their location on the verge of the terrace.

The so-called weeds of the lawns and gardens can have here but bare mention. Like the housefly and the mouse and rat, they are parasites on man and follow him everywhere. Some of the more common in summer at Harrisonburg are the two plantains, the docks, ragweed, lambsquarter, smart weed, purslane, chickweed, shepherd’s purse, peppergrass, and the other mustards and the various weedy grasses.

William Day Smith
MEMORIAL EXERCISES IN HONOR OF
MISS ANNIE V. CLEVELEDAND

On Sunday afternoon, January 14, 1917, the students and teachers of the Normal School, together with many persons from Harrisonburg and vicinity, assembled in the school auditorium to pay their earnest tribute to the memory of Miss Annie Vergilia Cleveland, whose death at Rockingham Memorial Hospital, near the school, on December 19, 1916, was announced in the January issue of the Bulletin.

The winter sun poured a shower of gold thru the windows on the south and west, and touched with greater beauty the green plants and the single white lily with which the room was decorated. The silence was tense with the spirit of strong emotion, for every one present had the same feeling—the same desire: a feeling of loss in the absence of a friend; a desire to give appropriate expression in some way to the love that was her due.

Immediately after President Burruss and the other speakers had taken their places on the rostrum, Miss Hoffman at the piano began playing softly and the Young Women’s Christian Association choir, with other student singers, rose and sang Phillips’s beautiful hymn, “The Home of the Soul.” The spotless white of the choir, the shimmering gold of the sun, and the stirring sweetness of the song combined to give a sense of other worlds, far removed from death and pain.

Following the song, Rev. W. F. Watson, D. D., pastor of the Harrisonburg Baptist Church, of which Miss Cleveland was a member, read the Ninetieth Psalm and offered prayer. The choir and audience then rose and sang “Just As I Am.” Next the addresses by President Burruss, Miss Hubbard, and Mr. Mason, superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school, followed in order. After two stanzas of another hymn, “He Leadeth Me,” Dr. Wayland spoke extemporaneously and Miss Lancaster read a number of paragraphs selected from Miss Cleveland’s own writings. Then the choir and audience stood and sang “How Firm a Foundation,” after which Dr. Watson pronounced the benediction.

The several papers, addresses, etc., are given in order below, in whole or in part.
HER LIFE IN THE SCHOOL
President Julian A. Burruss

In this memorial service we come not primarily to bewail our loss, but rather to give some expression of our love and esteem for her whom we were privileged to call our friend and co-laborer, and of our gratitude for the work which she was permitted to do, for the influence which she exerted in our own lives, and for the example which she has left us. In the calm of this Sabbath afternoon, we would pause for an interval in our active daily lives to consider reverently those qualities of mind and of heart which made her life significant and serviceful, to the end that we shall gain knowledge, and courage, and inspiration, if it may be, that we may make our lives full and rich with virtue and with service as was hers.

Miss Annie V. Cleveland came to our school at the beginning of its career. Those of us who were here at that time well recall the intense interest which she took in everything connected with that historic first year. There was much to be done, many perplexities beset our pathway, and the problems we faced seemed at times too great for our solution. No matter how dark the way, however, her sunniness dispelled the gloom, her brave and hopeful way of looking at things spurred us on, and her words of encouragement strengthened us for our burdens.

She was at various times denominated in the catalogs of the institution as “Assistant in English” and “Instructor in French,” and her sound scholarship made her an able and ever interesting teacher in these subjects. This, however, was merely one line of connection which she maintained with our school. Her influence extended far beyond that of any formally conducted class. It went out in a hundred ways, quietly, effectively, working upon the hearts and upon the minds of all who belonged to our little school community. It extended from the humblest to the highest, from the youngest to the oldest. She never failed to turn a sympathetic ear and a responsive heart and mind to every one who came to her, and many were they who did go to her with all sorts of matters. Her counsel was sought freely and never in vain. Her advice was treasured and it func-
tioned in the lives of those to whom she so modestly and thoughtfully gave it. The Young Women's Christian Association especially found in her a wise and helpful counselor in its most important work.

As a teacher of the Bible her work in the school was perhaps more valuable than along any other definitely organized line. Her Bible study classes were largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed. Particularly in her missionary studies and in the teaching of missions did she take delight. Her information was broad, and she never failed to be of interest even tho the subject of the lesson might perchance be far-removed in place, time, and natural appeal to her students. Her keen insight into the Scriptures enabled her to interpret and explain with satisfaction and enjoyment to the young and untrained mind as well as to the more seasoned understanding.

Her services along all lines were freely offered. She never sought remuneration. Her reward was that which only freely given service can bring. She fulfilled, it seems to me, as nearly as any one could do, the injunction of the Master—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." This was ever her chief aim. This filled her life.

Altho for the entire time of her connection with the school she was a partial invalid, yet her life here was an active one. Week-day and Sunday alike, for all her days were as Sabbath days, she consecrated all that was hers, of strength of body, of intellect, and of soul, to her Master's service. Thruout the week, as far as her physical endurance would permit, and often beyond this in fact, she was busily engaged in assisting in the academic work of our school, in English and in French. At the same time she was conducting Bible Class work for the students; and, what is perhaps not so well known to most of us, she conducted also a Bible study class for the white women employees of our school. Sunday morning found her regularly and punctually in her place at the Sunday school and Church service, unless her strength was not sufficient to permit her to attend. She was ever loyal to the Christian faith which she had embraced when a mere child, and her life was always a shining
example of faithful devotion and practically applied piety. Ever the foe of evil, ever a lover of truth, and ever an exemplification of the beauty of holiness, yet she was always kindly in her judgments, always sympathetically patient with the weaknesses of others, and charitable in all things.

Hers was a childlike, simple faith, uncompromising, unalloyed, unwavering. So fully was her life imbued with divine faith that it must needs manifest itself in a trusting and abiding confidence in humankind. She was slow to condemn, ever ready to make allowances for the frailties of others, and always anxious to recognize the good which her philosophy of life told her exists in every individual.

Tho clever in speech and quick in repartee, yet she never used her wit to the discomfort of others. Indeed her lack of pedantry and her unassuming manner, together with her gentle consideration for the feelings of others, at once put at ease in her company every one associated with her. All of her relations with others were characterized by the gracious courtesy of the best type of southern womanhood.

What she meant to our school, to our students, to our teachers, and to all our employees, it is difficult to express in words. As an indication, however, of how personal was her relationship, how near she was to the hearts of all, attention may be directed to the fact that every one called her by her first name. It was always, "Miss Annie." To those of us who were associated with her officially, the richness and fulness of her spiritual life, the evenness of her disposition, the constancy of her faith and hope, the quickness of her perception, the keenness of her sense of humor, the wealth of her experience, the value of her well-poised judgment, were ever sources of inspiration and joy. When she was able to attend our faculty meetings and assemblies of any nature, her presence was "like the benediction that follows after prayer." There was about her what Matthew Arnold calls 'sweetness and light.'

There was nothing of the morbid in her religion. Hers was a religion of joy, such joy as is known only to the truly consecrated follower of the Master. Her patient forbearance and her cheerfulness of soul commended her to us as one
"Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
   Turned her necessity to glorious gain,
In face of it did exercise a power,
Which is our human nature's highest dower."

Helpful and inspiring in the classroom, gentle and sympathetic as an associate, conservative and wise as a counselor, she has set for us an example of the ideal teacher. Large of heart, democratic in spirit, with simple tastes, and with ever wholesome attitudes toward life in all its phases, she has given us an illustration of the truly good citizen of earth. We should not mourn the passing of such as she as the ending of a useful and valuable career,

"But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends."

It is surely not for us to sorrow for our friend as they who have no hope; but it is rather ours to rejoice in the faith that she has been promoted from earthly citizenship to heavenly citizenship, where the trammels and limitations of the flesh are swept away forever.

It is not for us merely to mourn the loss of our fellow-laborer, for that would be selfishness; but rather for us to thank the All-Wise Lord and Master of us all for the blessed example which she has left us, and pray that ours may be the joys and satisfactions of consecrated service as they were hers.

"O God, to us may grace be given
   To follow in her train."

**Prayer**

Rev. W. F. Watson, D. D.

We praise God for the Christian teachers, who believe in the precious and priceless privilege of helping the young in the formative period of character and who assist in planning for a noble life's work. We thank thee that they suggest to us better things and inspire us to go after them.

We praise thy name for the blessed work of her whose memory we honor this hour. In connection with this institution and with other institutions, we thank thee for her Christian life, for her simple, childlike faith in Jesus Christ and the things pertaining to his king-
dom; for her love for the Book; for her unshaken faith in the saving power of the Blood. We thank thee for the glorious victory that came to her in her last moments of earthly existence. We praise God that while we sorrow, our sorrow is not hopeless; for we know if our own hearts are fixed upon God and his precious truth, if we live the Christian life, we shall die in victory and shall by and by see those whom we loved in life.

God bless this assembly. The time will soon come for one and all of us to lay down life's burden and go. May we make much of the invisible things, and when we finish our course on this earth may we go up to be with God, who lives and loves and gave his son to save us. Amen.

HER PLACE IN OUR RELIGIOUS LIFE

Miss Zola Y. Hubbard

Because of her physical condition, Miss Cleveland was not able to take as active a part in our school life as she would have done had she been well. But her spirit has been present and her power has been felt. There has gone out from her life the radiance of her Master's life, into the lives of our girls. Even those who knew her little felt the influence of her deep spirituality.

No girls except the Y. W. C. A. cabinet members, perhaps, realize what an inspiration Miss Annie was to the Young Women's Christian Association in our school. Altho some of the girls who were new this year saw very little of Miss Cleveland, she thought of them and was just as active in planning their welcome as any one of us.

Not only did she give us always her thought and her sympathy, but she was ever ready with helpful suggestions for our work. She was always so glad to give individual help to any one in school who came to her. Altho the physical light was slowly fading day by day, there grew in her face the light of love and resignation to a higher will, and never did she lose her desire to aid whenever she might. No girl could sit in her mission study class and not become interested in mission work, and feel very deeply the need of workers everywhere, and that each girl has her own part to do by those who have not had the opportunities she has had.
While we mourn our loss and miss her sorely, we would not delay her reward and the Master's "Well Done, Thou Good and Faithful Servant!" She has gone from us for a while, but her spirit is still with us and her life will live in our lives and the lives of those whom our lives may touch. Her influence will ever be a power in the lives of all those who knew and loved her; but in order that those who come after us may know what she meant to our school, there will be established an Annie Cleveland Memorial Fund. All students who have been here up to this time will be given an opportunity to contribute to this fund, which will be lent to worthy girls who need financial assistance while in our school. In this way her spirit will be felt during the coming years.

Her Work in the Church and Sunday School

Mr. C. A. Mason

About nine years ago there came into our church life three individuals, one of whom I desire to honor this afternoon by speaking a few words in her memory.

Miss Annie Cleveland was loved by every member of the Baptist Church. She was faithful. Altho not at all times in robust health, unless physically unable to be at her place in her accustomed pew, you could expect her. Her experience was sought by every member, by the leaders, and by the pastor of the church. She always took a great interest in church work. It was my privilege occasionally to go to see her, and I think in almost every instance she would say, "Come back, for I do love to talk about the little church."

Now, to you who are not connected with the Baptist Church, her work in this respect may be wholly unknown. We appreciate the work and influence of devotion that she gave to the little church; and in the Sunday school she was a faithful teacher, always there unless she was seriously hindered. She was not only there, but there on time—one of the first to come in when the doors were opened in the morning. She is greatly missed in our Sunday school. She had a loyal and loving class.

It seems to me that there are two kinds of church people—the Christians, and those who are church members in name only. Miss Annie Cleveland was certainly of the type that any one meeting her or having the
privilege of being near her for any length of time would reach the conviction that she was a Christian. She was devoted to her church; she was devoted to her God; she was a Bible student, and in every way she was a devoted Christian.

Her pew in church was opposite mine, and I do not think I ever saw anyone get more out of a sermon than Miss Cleveland. It appeared that she drank in every word, and I used to delight in watching her countenance during the service, knowing that she realized every word and what it meant to her as a Christian.

She will be greatly missed in our church and in our Sunday school. I think it is always sad to lose a relative or a friend, but in this case her memory, such a memory that we can look back upon, diminishes the sadness to such an extent that the sorrow will go away. She was loyal and devoted, not only to her school, not only to her friends, not only to her denomination, but she was loyal to her church above everything else; and I trust when the last summons comes to all of us that the same thing can be said of us, that in all things we were loyal.

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD
Dr. John W. Wayland

Sometime last spring, one Sunday morning in Sunday school, four men sang an old song called "The Church in the Wildwood." About that time, also, there was issued from the University of Virginia a special bulletin to be used in the country churches, especially on a particular Sunday that was designated as "Country Church Day." It happened that in that bulletin, among other things, was this song to which I have referred.

"There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale."

At the time this song was sung Miss Annie expressed decided interest in it and requested especially, I remember, that it be sung again sometime; and I understand that she secured a number of those bulletins to which I have referred, and sent them to a certain church in Virginia in order that they might be used there on Rural Church Day. I did not understand at the
time, quite, why Miss Annie manifested such an interest in that song; but after my recent visit to the little country church to which those bulletins were sent, I think I was able to understand more fully what that song meant to her; and after I learned a good many things about her life in connection with that little country church, I thought I was entitled to speak about that church this afternoon. I thought it would be of interest to our girls, and perhaps to others too, to know about that little church which she saw when she heard that song.

Miss Annie, as a little girl only nine or ten years old, found peace in the Savior’s love. That was sixty years ago. It was in Fluvanna County in the vale of the Rivanna River; and it was there that her body was laid to rest, near that little church in the wildwood. There her friends gathered and there the funeral services were held.

This old church is known as Lyles Church. It was established more than one hundred years ago, just on the eve of the American Revolution. It was there, as I said, that Miss Annie as a little girl nine or ten years old joined the church. She was such a child at the time that some could hardly believe that she understood just what she was doing, but her whole life afterwards proved that she did understand. And she too was troubled somewhat as a child when she heard the older members of the church giving in their experience, feeling that she had no experience; but I am sure that in time no one of them had a richer experience than she had.

The old church stands facing the north. The pulpit is at the opposite end—the south end; and on three sides of the church there is a gallery. Some of Miss Annie’s first recollections are of the gallery in this church and the dusky friends gathered therein.

The night before the funeral it was raining, but it cleared off in the morning. The sun came out and smiled upon the earth, and everyone was glad that it was a bright day, because that suited so well with Miss Annie’s disposition. Those of us who were at the little brown church that day were very grateful for the sunshine.

The first hymn sung at the service was the one we shall sing last, “How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord.” While we were singing it a woman came
in with a wreath of green holly and laid it on the casket. After certain parts of the service were gone thru with there, we went out of the church, down a slight decline, across a little hollow, and up on top of the next knoll, about one hundred and fifty yards from the church, towards the sunset; and there the services were completed.

And I remembered that in addition to that wreath of holly there was another green wreath of pine. I thought it very appropriate. These wreaths had evidently been gathered from the neighboring wildwood, for all around were the whispering pines and sturdy oaks and the smaller trees, many of which no doubt had attracted the notice of Miss Annie when she was a girl. She must have loved the wildwood and the sweet notes of the wood thrush. I understand that she and her sister refused to sell parts of the old farm which are covered with timber for fear some stranger would cut down the trees and drive the birds away. One of the songs sung at the grave was that sweet song which you sang at the beginning of this service.

Miss Annie was nearly blind for a number of months before her death. I doubt whether you know how busy she was in those days of darkness. Her fingers were busy as well as her thoughts. She spent those days knitting. She made a number of articles of use and beauty for those she loved. Now, I dare say that you girls would be interested to know how she learned to knit without looking. She learned it more than fifty years ago, when a girl. She and other young girls of the neighborhood would knit articles of wearing apparel—socks and mittens and mufflers—for the soldiers in gray. In those days, long ago, she learned to knit and knit fast, without looking; and so in her last days she spent her time in just that way.

But I must tell you yet that on the casket as it rested in old Lyles church—on the casket was spread a beautiful silk Confederate flag—just above her heart. There that flag had been for fifty years, and it was buried with her.

I shall never forget my visit to that little brown church in the vale, that dear old church in the wildwood. I shall always associate with it some of the last and sweetest memories of a very dear friend.
Memorial Exercises

Selections From the Journal of Miss Annie V. Cleveland

(This journal was begun Aug. 9, 1882, and closed January 23, 1890.)

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

If in this book or in the hearts of those around I could write something of God's goodness, I should count myself happy. If this should be—what I propose to make it—a sort of record of myself, it will be a poor story of a weak creature; but God has chosen to weave his own great grace all through the web of my poor life, and the only reason I can have for writing anything—even for my own eyes to rest upon—is to show how

"By his own hand he leadeth me."

1857. At dear old Lyles church, in Fluvanna, a band of the faithful are gathered around the pastor.... They are singing "People of the living God," and shaking hands in that good old-fashioned way of welcome to a group of trembling ones who have come up to confess Christ. Among them is a little child, ten years old, who wants to be among God's people. She knows she is lost without Christ; she has come to him for salvation and believes he will save her, for he says so.... She asked him the night before her baptism if she might be a missionary, but now at the age of thirty-five she feels that he chose her work better than she.

1864. The next day (after saying good-bye to her father, who was going to try to rejoin Lee) she commenced plans for a little neighborhood school. With only eighteen months' tuition except at home, she felt herself incompetent to teach as she hoped to do in the future; but she knew she could teach a few little children, which she did for four months.

1869. I find I have dropped into "I," and thus it shall be. I do beg God to empty me of myself and put himself instead.

Cousin David F— proposed that I should stay with Cousin Pattie while he was in Florida and go to school at Edgewood, teaching Charlie and Mary for my board. Uncle Will paid my tuition. This I was, of course, de-
lighted to do and went into my studies with the most intense ardor. That session I taught Cousin Pattie's children and had eight studies of my own. I got through creditably but nearly killed myself.

... The next year I attended the same school... One event of the session before stands out in bold relief—my first trip to Washington. And though I've been frequently since, nothing could again excite that eager enthusiasm with which I looked at everything... I recall the lovely Potomac, on whose broad bosom we sailed in the early morning over to Washington; how the stately Capitol loomed up in the midst of the trees; and how its wonders grew upon me as I approached... I returned to my studies with new zest, having had a glimpse of "the world."

1870. I now come to a very eventful year in my life. When school closed (I had been teaching one-half the day and going the other half to Edgewood for music and Latin) I decided to go on a visit to my cousin in New Brunswick, N. J.—knowing, too, that I should meet my dear Uncle Will up there. And in this I was not disappointed. He used frequently to come over from New York Saturday evening and stay with me at my hospitable cousin's until Monday morning. I remember one Sunday evening so well. I was sitting in his lap, when he suddenly said, "Nannie, don't you want to go to Niagara?" It almost took my breath away. I said, "That is one of the dreams of my life."—And now, through the mist of years, that whole trip... seems to me a sweet and glorious dream, the like of which I shall probably not feel again till I visit that "City whose maker and builder is God."... As when I saw the ocean I gained my first conception of God's boundless and sustaining love, so here I saw his power, his resistless might.

Sept. 10. Returning to Virginia with my uncle, we spent two weeks at the old homestead, and then he took me on to Hollins. Another dream of my life is now realized, and I am so happy in my studies! This is a lovely spot and, as I consider, the best girls' school in the country. I worked very hard there, possibly too hard for my strength. I have never been very strong. My diplomas gave me much pleasure, for they were hard-earned; but instead of feeling when I left there that my
education was done, I felt that it was only fairly begun. I hope to learn all my life from books and nature, especially human nature; and I am constantly meeting difficult questions which I try to lay quietly aside until I can join the Heavenly school and can there learn from the Great Teacher.

1871. In the summer of this year I began to arrange for school-work—stood examination and got a position at Palmyra, and worked myself almost to death to make a name. Year after year I taught here, having for the last three years the position of principal and having my salary increased five dollars a month each session I taught. Next year I taught at White Rock.

1876. The next session I returned to Edgewood and had a most successful session—both public and private school—having associated with me one of the dearest friends I have on earth.

This year we attended the Centennial (Exposition) at Philadelphia together. It was a most delightful trip, the remembrance of which I would not forego for a great deal. It greatly extended my outlook and has aided me in teaching, in which I try every year to improve.

1879. The third Saturday of October of this year I gave up and had to go to bed. . . . It seemed very hard. I was trying to work for my homefolks, and all I asked was a chance; but God was leading then, and he leads me still.

1884. I got letter after letter from Glade Spring—, offering me the principalship of that school. . . . Am I physically able to go? I'm afraid not. But I never know what I can do until I try. (She took charge of Inglewood School, at the home of General William McComb—a Virginia home of the highest type.)

September. I have gotten my school in working order in spite of my weakness. I had a long talk with Mrs. Q. and Mrs. McC. yesterday and told them I did not know that I should be able to do the work—that I wished them to be released from the engagement and to do just what they considered for the good of the school. . . . They met my proposition in a sweet spirit, not wishing me to do anything that would injure my health, but greatly desiring my stay.

1886. I do not believe that I shall be able to teach even a small school by myself next session. Is my ambi-
tion all wrong, O Father, that it is thus constantly crushed?—my ambition for myself and far more for my sisters. . . . But I will be still in God's hand. He knows and loves me too.

1887. March. I pray constantly that my mind may be spared me, that I may always have the comfort of feeling that God is near and that He loves me. But should all this be taken away from me, should I live long enough to have to be a trial, yes, even a scourge to my friends, still it must be right for God does all things well and it must work together for good.

... If anyone should ever read this in the future, it will be read in the light of past events; I shall then be gone home, and shall then know what I now am tremulously trying to apprehend—that God does it all in wisdom and in love.

May 12. Again the question: What is duty? Mr. Cocke, of Hollins, writes me—"Will you take a position here?" Oh, how gladly would I do it! But am I able? . . . June. I have decided to go to Hollins on a visit, get it thoroughly impressed upon Mr. Cocke's mind that I am not strong but at the same time let him understand what I generally get done. If he then repeats his offer, I'll gladly accept. . . I had a talk with Mr. Cocke this morning and told him plainly that I am not strong and he said, "Well, you can try it and if you should break down your sister can do the work." So now my conscience is clear and I'm delighted to come here to work.

November. Well, here we are at Hollins—B. studying, I teaching. My work suits me and I've no reason to feel but that I suit that. My surroundings are very congenial and it seems to me that I can here reach more towards my ideal teaching than I have ever been able to do. But will my health hold out?

. . . Dr. S—says that I'm no worse for keeping up as long as I can. But I don't know. 'Tis a fearful struggle, and it takes all my will-power to keep me moving. But I'm not neglecting anything—I'll see to that. How I enjoy the girls! Have my good friends among them—then the pleasant church privileges and, most of all, my dear Sunday school class.

1888. Mr. Cocke—grand old soldier of the Cross as he is!—says so often, "Young ladies, nothing
you study is half so important to you as a study of this book, the Bible! Read it and believe it—rest on it.'”

January. Well, the utter break-down came, sudden, swift, and terrible... It is true that invalidism, long fought against, has settled down upon me, that I sit here with folded hands afraid to try any more; but if it is God’s will I pray for submission resignation, yea more than that—cheerfulness in suffering his will. If I can just feel his presence all the time, know that he is near, I can bear it.

When others are talking around me of next year, I think—sometimes with a throb of joy, oftener with calmness—“Maybe I shall not be here.” But I must not be too anxious... But if it be God’s will that I wait, that I suffer on—“Even so, Father.” Thy way is the best way... Yes, he has arranged the years, the hours—the seconds; and I’ll try to take each as he gives it. I know I shall falter, shall stumble, shall sin (saddest of it all!) but I go on trusting in the same promise which came to me six years ago at The Retreat, “Lo, I am with you all the days.” I have tried it, God is true!—If I should die next winter under the surgeon’s knife, or whenever I may go—whether I pass through brighter or darker scenes before I go—please do not be sorry for me, but be glad, for I shall be glad.

1890. January. (Just before an operation) I have thought: If I am not a Christian what can I do to become one now? Nothing but what I did as a little child, come to Jesus with all my frailties, my inconsistencies, my sins and say, “Here I am, take me as I am and make me what I ought to be.”

Whatever comes to me, if I can realize his presence the place will be sweet and blessed. And if I cannot realize it, I want to remember, and I want others to know, that even the darkest path must be of his choosing and be best for his child.

I have wished to write in this nothing sensational, have asked as I wrote that I be kept from putting down anything just because it ought to be so, but simply because I couldn’t help telling that it is so.

... Father in Heaven, blot out with the blood of Jesus the evil of my life; the good is thine alone, Thou wilt guard it.
EDITORIAL

MAKING OUR MINDS COUNT FOR SOMETHING

A well deserved criticism of the human product of our present school system is that it lacks originality, independence of thought, and definite conviction. There is, when we consider the matter thoughtfully, an unhealthy tendency towards conformity; in fact, in one way or another, the notion of following a lead, whether it be in dress, in thought, in social customs, or in action, has been so deeply inculcated into us, that the terms 'eccentric,' 'odd,' 'different,' 'independent,' and so on, are all practically synonymous with 'doing one's own thinking.'

This attitude has resulted in a certain type of conservatism which proceeds on the plan that it is better to let a declaration, a snap-shot opinion, a hurriedly reached decision, or a blatantly pronounced judgment, go, whatever be the temper, the tone, or the spirit of it, than to oppose. Yet, to assent, either directly or tacitly, to an assertion that contradicts one's experience and better judgment, simply because one does not care to combat the statement, is nothing less than stultifying the
intellect. The attitude is due doubtless to a sort of mental laziness, or at least to a mental passiveness. Errors, mistakes, wrong implications and inferences, exaggerated statements, and verbal distortions of all kinds should be opposed and combated, and the truth, as one feels it, should be openly espoused; else what are our intellects for?

The opposite type of habitual opposition to whatever is, the inclination to contradict, to take exception to, is undoubtedly disagreeable; but less harm comes from such opposition than that consent which results from mental indifference or the seeking of the line of least mental resistance. One may get the reputation of being pugnacious, combative, and the like; but that is the type of mind that makes the truth known. It is not necessary to encourage the mentally twisted, the chronic mental dyspeptic, to set one's self in opposition to anything that contradicts his mature thinking, his observation, and his experience.

We are not making a plea for the dogmatic and the adversely critical types of mind; we wish only to emphasize the necessity of cultivating the habit of thinking for one's self, of standing on one's own feet, of not being afraid of one's opinions and convictions. This constitutes in the very highest sense real manhood and womanhood. Putting a premium on such characters, when manifested in boys and girls, will affect the life and career of these as men and women far more than all the teaching we could possibly give along the line of the imitation of models, of walking in the trodden paths, of following the lead of another. We stand in need of emphasis upon the necessity of making our minds count for something.

**Becoming Acquainted with the View from One's Own Front Door**

To realize something definite and worth while from a set effort, whether the values be material or spiritual, is the reward for the endeavors which collectively we call the constructive life. It is not an uncommon question, therefore, put to students by earnest and interested instructors, as to what the students have realized from the time and the attention given to a subject. As
The Normal Bulletin

a striking illustration of what may be accomplished by real enthusiasm and sincere teaching effort, we are glad to have the privilege of publishing here a letter from our own Dr. John W. Wayland, of the Department of History and Civics, to Mr. Clarence Poe, the editor of The Progressive Farmer.

State Normal School,
Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Mr. Clarence Poe, Editor,
THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER,
Raleigh, North Carolina.

My dear Sir:

Some time ago our President Burruss handed me a letter, written by yourself, in which you made very complimentary reference to a couple of little bulletins prepared by my classes in Rural Sociology, and issued by the school; and in which letter you were also kind enough to say that you should be glad to get into communication with the instructor under whose direction the said bulletins were prepared.

A very cursory reading of the bulletins in question will reveal the fact that the materials from which they were compiled were collected and supplied mainly by the students of the class. It is a fixed principle with me that students ought to be put upon voyages of discovery. As far as practicable, these voyages should lead them not so much into new fields, but very much into new and unsuspected treasure-houses in old fields—the home communities. In rural sociology especially an effort is made to open the student's eyes to the view from her own front door, and particularly to the duties and opportunities that beckon to her along the country lane.

A few days ago I had to give the class in Rural Sociology an examination. The term had come to an end. Three months is a short time in which to accomplish many results in such a great field, but some of the answers received to the last question in the test made me feel that some real results in some real persons had been reached. It is to give you some of the statements found in those examination papers that I am venturing to write you. I shall not trouble you with all the questions, or with all the answers to even one question; but at the end of the list was this question:

"What is the best thing you have realized from this brief study of Rural Sociology?"

Here are some of the answers:

"The best thing I have realized is some conception of the function of the rural teacher (I expect to be one) and how country life can be made profitable and pleasant."

"It has taught me to love the farm more, and, in some measure, how to obtain more efficient teachers and better schools."

"I have realized the true conditions in a general way, and the reasons so many fall to see beauty and pleasure in country life."

As may be imagined already from the above statements, the majority of the members of the class are country girls. The fact that so many of them testify to rural visions not before enjoyed is significant. It is perhaps worth more to
get a country girl to love the country and to fix her intelligent life purposes upon it than it is to get a city girl to go out into the rural districts as a sort of missionary.

“If women ever do get the ballot, and I am ever placed in a position where I can vote for a sum of money to be expended in bettering the country school, I shall certainly cast that vote.”

“The best thing I have realized is how to be of some advantage in my community.”

“This study of Rural Sociology has made me realize more fully the needs of the country, and has made me hope, more than ever, that some day I may teach in the country and perhaps help a little in the work of progress. It has also enabled me to see that in a number of ways the country school teacher has the advantage of the city teacher, even if she cannot hear grand opera and go to moving pictures. It seems to me that she has more chance for real growth.”

“The best thing I have realized is that the country can be improved, is improving, and that more people ought to go to the country to live; that you can be of much good in a rural community, and that better educated people ought to be there; that agriculture is a healthful occupation and a paying one, too, if carried on in a good way.”

“That the country can really be made attractive, and that, if you try, you can have all the conveniences of the city; that the children can have as good education as city children, and as many pleasures, with better health.”

“I think the best thing I have realized is the tremendous right of the country child, and the debt our country owes him; that this child has a right to the same educational and social advantages as the city child, and that it is a greater thing to bring into a little rural community some of the knowledge, sunshine, and happiness that life offers than to bury one’s self in a city in the effort to get such things for one’s self alone.”

“The best thing I have realized is that the country has a great need, and that the teacher can do more than any one else to supply that need.”

“That the country is a wide field of opportunities waiting for those who are energetic and full of confidence and faith in the country child.”

“That rural life is very Interesting.”

“I think the best thing I have realized is the good an energetic and capable teacher can do in a rural community, and that one can really do more good in rural schools than in urban ones.”

“That great things may be done where conditions look hardest, by being a good leader and an indispensable teacher.”

“That teachers can improve rural communities by improving rural schools and school grounds.”

“That the country child is entitled to every educational advantage and to just as good an education as the city child; and that it is the teacher’s business to help bring this to pass. I mean to do my part.”

“Since I live in a rural community I have enjoyed this study greatly. It has made me realize more than ever the needs of the rural community; and I think that I want to go to the country to teach, rather than to the city.”

“The best result of my study of rural sociology is a greater
interest in country life, especially in the country school. I want to teach there."

"I have come to realize that I must help out the community in which I teach, and that I must be good and wide awake myself if I wish others to be so."

"That better teachers and better leaders of all sorts are needed to help carry on the work of the rural community."

"The very best thing I have received is a great desire to teach in a rural community, and to do my share in the forward movement."

"The thing I have gotten out of this brief study is an understanding of conditions which I never knew existed. Also, my interest has been aroused so much that almost any sociological question appeals to me, but most of all the rural questions, because we are so dependent upon rural life and rural progress. Again, the questions are so practical that each and every one of us seems now to have an object in life and we are willing to assume our share of responsibility."

"The greatest good I have derived from this brief study of rural sociology is this: It has brought my interests back from the town where I attended school, and put them into the country community where I live. It has made me understand many conditions in that community, appreciate the progress that is being made there, and desire to be of as much service as possible to the people living there."

In this class were about fifty young women, representing several different States of the Union; and the statements above are typical of the declarations of the majority. Is it merely the enthusiasm of youth? Suppose it is; that is enough to make the world better and happier. It strengthens one's confidence in the inherent nobility of humanity and fills the heart with a great hope for the future to hear youth—young womanhood—speak thus out of full desire.

Yours very truly,

JOHN W. WAYLAND
The topics included on the program of the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science—Education Section, give an indication of the trend of educational thought in America. The scientific study of the various problems facing the teacher and school administrator is the order of the day. We can no longer be content with guesswork and the hit-or-miss method. We must “test,” “measure,” “evaluate,” “rate,” “analyze,” and “standardize” even so subtle, intangible, and evasive an element as mental ability. It is in the atmosphere everywhere—the yardstick must be applied to the teacher’s work and to the pupil’s achievement. To amount to anything much in an educational way one must speak the language of the tribe, and such topics as “Dynamometric Tests of Pupils with Special Reference to Diurnal, Weekly, Monthly and Seasonal Periodicity,” “Diagnostic Criteria of Exceptional Mentality,” and “The Effect of Auto-Micromotion Study on Educational and Industrial Methods” must be as inviting as “How to Teach Spelling.”

Richmond is one of the few large cities of the country that has no real public library. The Richmond Education Association, an organization which has done an immeasurable amount of good along various lines of educational improvement, has undertaken a campaign to supply this need. Its report for 1916 contains a forceful article on the topic, “The Public Library as an Integral Part of Education.” This association was instrumental in securing the establishment of kindergartens as a part of the Richmond school system, in starting manual training, and in inaugurating the open-air schools. Its past success gives encouragement that its new effort will not be without results. Would that every city had so active a body of men and women interested in its educational welfare!

Despite the opinion frequently expressed to the contrary by the uninformed, teaching is a live job for live people, and has as its reward the most durable satisfactions of life. No other work offers so many oppor-
tunities for quick development of character and for the exercise of influence for good in a community. The result of this is that many of the greatest characters in our national life are or have been teachers. The president of the United States, several governors, and many members of Congress are included in this class. The teacher should certainly be one of the most influential citizens of his community, large or small, if he is the right man or right woman in the right place.

It is probable that the nation's educational expenditures total at least a billion dollars annually. About one half of this amount goes for the public elementary schools, and properly so. The normal schools of the country cost about fifteen millions annually. On a per capita basis Utah ranked first last year with an expenditure of $10.07, while Mississippi ranked last with a per capita expenditure of $1.48. We refrain from mentioning the rank and amount of our own dear Virginia in this list—suffice it to say that it is not second to the top! It is interesting to note that in the last twenty years $407,000,000 has been given to educational institutions by private donors, in large amounts, to say nothing of the countless smaller gifts.

In the work of preparedness the public school must certainly take a most important part. This does not necessarily mean that the pupils should be organized for military drill, altho this is being done in many places and is greatly to be commended, particularly so far as directing attention to the necessity for physical development is concerned. Aside from this feature the school may do much. Girls may be trained along useful, practical lines, in home economics branches, in first aid and nursing, in the making of garments and hospital supplies, etc. The school buildings may be used as the centers for neighborhood gatherings, for encouraging enlistments, for giving instruction in defense measures, and for arousing and developing a general spirit of patriotism, a broader sympathy and better understanding, and a sense of a more perfect union. Surely the school cannot afford to be a laggard in this respect.

Vocational education is very naturally receiving more attention today than ever before. The greatest impetus has been given by the passage of the Smith-
Hughes Vocational Education Bill by Congress. This makes large Federal appropriations to the several states for the payment of salaries of teachers and directors of agricultural subjects, for teachers of trade and home economics subjects, and for the training of teachers along these lines. This should mean in our own state the employment of many more teachers of agriculture and home economics. The State Normal Schools will share in the funds for the training of teachers, and this department of work will undoubtedly be greatly developed and strengthened as a result.

The increase in the amount of teaching in home economics is one of the most striking educational developments of the times. In the past three years more than a thousand additional high schools have introduced the subject, which brings the total number of such high schools up to about 3,500, and there are certainly a very large number of others which have the work, but have not reported. The central west leads in numbers of such schools, but the increase is general throughout the country. Students of home economics in universities, colleges, and normal schools are reported as 17,289 for 1916. There are 151 normal schools giving such courses and these employ 354 special teachers of the subjects under this head. Nearly a thousand such specialists are employed in the 326 colleges reporting on the matter. There has also been a marked increase in the number of rural schools adding such work, and in the number of supervisors employed.

The extension of kindergarten education throughout the United States has been very decided during the past year. The Bureau of Education reports that approximately 570 kindergartens were opened in public schools that never had them before. "This means one extra year of education for about 25,000 children, and as the boys and girls of this country average only a little over five years in school, the value of this additional training cannot be overestimated." Experience seems to be that when once established they take such firm hold on the people that they are seldom discontinued, but on the other hand lead to the inauguration of others. Many of these newly established kindergartens came in response to petitions from parents. A number of states are con-
sidering legislation providing for the establishment of kindergartens on the petition of parents, and it would seem timely to begin a movement in Virginia looking to such legislation by the General Assembly next winter.

The recent elections of division superintendents in Virginia is most encouraging. Nearly every man chosen is a college graduate. The first of July will witness the passing out of active service of several veteran officials who have served their divisions long and faithfully. It is comforting to know that into their places will step men whose qualifications give such promise of progress. It is hoped that this is the beginning of higher qualifications all down the line, and that the new administrations will be marked by a raising of the standard required of the teaching corps. We have done great things in Virginia in the improvement of the schoolhouses. Shall we ever fail to recognize the fact that, after all, the human factor—the teacher—is the most important piece of school equipment?

It is appalling to note that there are in this enlightened age more than 70,000 teachers of rural schools in this country who have had only an elementary school education with no professional training whatever. In one state alone there are over 4,000 such leaders (!), with only a seventh-grade education or less. Another 70,000 have had not more than two years of high school work. To these may be added at least another 10,000 inadequately trained teachers in rural schools, which brings the total to over 150,000 unskilled workmen entrusted with the most precious material in the world—how hopelessly pathetic it all seems! Says Commissioner Claxton: "We need a greatly increased number of normal schools or else a great increase in buildings, faculty, and funds for our present State normal schools, if our rural people are to receive fair treatment for the taxes they pay for the support of the state normal schools. The work of the state normal schools and professionally trained teachers is so important, so valuable, so necessary, that we should establish a sufficient number of state normal schools to provide every rural school with a professionally trained teacher, even if we have to take the necessary money to do this from the state common school fund."
A bulletin just issued by the Extension Division of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute entitled "Virginia’s Defense Is in Safe Farming," sounds a warning to our people that should be universally heeded. It calls upon us to take steps to produce sufficient food for ourselves and our live-stock this year, and something more than this also, in order that we may be self-supporting in the event of a general shutting off of the sources of usual supply, which now seems ominously probable. It outlines a splendid "safe farming program," the following of which would undoubtedly produce the desired result. The items, abbreviated and in order, are as follows: 1. A home garden for every family; 2. Enough corn to last family and live-stock at least a year; 3. Sufficient oats and other small grain to supplement the corn; 4. Hay and forage crops necessary for the live-stock for the year, with a little excess for safety; 5. The necessary meat, eggs, and milk for the family; 6. Provide for the living first, then grow other things for the main money crop; 7. Plan to sell or exchange the surplus products to cover running expenses, etc.

J. A. B.

The teachers of the Eighth Congressional District are more alive to the problems confronting the educators of the state than are other districts. This is manifested thru the resolutions which are adopted every year. This year at their meeting at Orange, teachers' pensions and increased salaries to meet the high cost of living were two of the issues which were discussed at some length.

Mr. Charles G. Maphis gave a valuable discussion of the financial administration of the state upon the county unit basis. His lecture was helped by the use of a chart showing the population, income, and distribution of funds in many of the counties upon the present basis.

The Seventh Congressional District Teachers Association met at Front Royal on March 15, 16, 17. Rockingham County was well represented.

Mr. McBrien from the Department of Education at Washington gave several interesting talks. His central theme was the one nearest his heart—the rural school and the rural teacher.
Friday morning at this association was devoted to the consideration of health. Dr. Flannigan, of the State Health Department, discussed the problem of dealing with tuberculosis and other lung infections. He also told of the proposed teachers' pavilion at Catawba. Dr. Hall-Quest, of the University, gave some valuable suggestions regarding the teacher's health. He brought out strongly the relation of the teacher's health to successful teaching. It is to be hoped that the teachers will apply the advice given.

The annual meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the N. E. A. was held in Kansas City, Missouri, in February. This meeting has grown so in size that it is almost as unwieldy as the general meeting: It is necessary to have this meeting in a large city, in order to accommodate an association of 4000 people. Atlanta was the successful candidate for the meeting in 1918.

One morning of the general meeting was devoted to the discussion of the subject of English. The program included the teaching of the subject from the elementary school thru the normal school to the college. Principal Newlon, of Lincoln, Nebraska, spoke on the teaching of English in the high school. He said that the present high school was using courses that were planned when the high school population was homogeneous. But that condition no longer exists, therefore the courses do not fit the students that are now taking them. This demands a reorganization to meet the new elements in our school and the present emphasis in life outside.

Mr. Hosie, of Chicago Normal College, spoke eloquently upon the teaching of English in the normal schools. He claims that there is no unity in the courses offered in the many normal schools in the country. Each course embodies the training and ideas of the instructor. He offered a constructive outline for a course in normal schools.

The meetings of the College Teachers of Education were devoted almost exclusively to the study of the scientific tests in education. A vote was taken as to the advisability of "practise teaching" in the training of secondary teachers. The vote was unanimous to the effect that such a teacher's preparation could not be considered complete without an opportunity for immed-
iate application. It was considered best to have a training school of some nature connected with all colleges giving courses in education.

R. E. G.

The following are a few of the echoes which have reached us from the recent meeting of the Virginia Association of Colleges, in Richmond:

Dr. J. P. McConnell protested against "the inflation of vanity" in high school pupils; Dr. J. C. Metcalf, against "the excessive ambition of fresh college graduates to teach high school classes by college methods."—Dr. William Webb expressed hearty sympathy for the high school principals of our generation, who have in their hands throngs of pupils of a type that had no idea a few years ago of taking any education of a higher sort. Dr. Webb rejoices in this fine democracy, takes pride in the fact that the high school is the people's university, but is resolved that our educational system shall not be reduced to a mere bread-and-butter business—that scholarship shall be maintained and honored. President R. E. Blackwell: "High schools change principals so often that too many of such schools have a course but not a character."—Professor C. G. Maphis: "The time is soon coming when we shall discard units entirely and credit certain schools that have come up to certain standards."—Dr. W. T. Sanger called attention to the fact that required units were intended all along as an entering wedge. "The purpose all the time was to standardize the schools."—Dr. C. Alphonso Smith: "The present system of entrance requirements has about proved its inefficiency."—Dr. Webb thinks that certification does very well. Dr. Blackwell and others urged safeguarding certificate entrance by at least one examination.—Dr. Henry Louis Smith made a brief and breezy talk on "A Widespread Campus Fallacy," a semi-contemptuous regard for scholarship. We need not discourage football, but get before people the idea that there are some honors to be won besides those in athletics. Scatter abroad the facts found in Van Dyke's research as to college men.

Miss Susan Lough, of the department of history at Westhampton, in a recent talk on vitalizing history-teaching was stressing the fact that pupils must master
more geography, must know more about the materials that we call "sources," and must be led to realize that historical personage were flesh-and-blood men and women. "For this last purpose," she said, "I have found pageantry of the greatest service"—not only elaborate occasions, such as the Shakespeare celebration of last year, but lesser pageants, worked out in connection with class study, under such names as "Episodes of Virginia History," "Episodes of Nineteenth Century History," &c. These do recreate men and women, do clothe them in humanity as well as in the garb of their own time.

We wonder what have been the results of the decree that went forth from the University of Wisconsin some time ago that its faculty should strive to create a sentiment for Latin throughout that state. The order was significant, coming as it did from an institution that takes such a stand for industrial education.
Honor Roll for the Second Quarter

The following students made Honor List grades in their classes during the Winter Quarter, ending March 17, 1917:

**Grade “A” on all subjects:**
- Misses Mary Clifford Bennet (Senior)
- Bertha Burkholder (Special) 2d Consecutive Qr.
- Hazel Davis (Sophomore) 5th Consecutive Qr.
- Annie Dunn (Vocational)
- Ruth McGhee (Sophomore)
- Kathleen Moomaw (Vocational)
- Kathleen Watson (Senior)

**Grade “A” on all subjects except one, which is a “B”:**
- Misses Angelyn Alexander, Katherine McClung
- Madge Bryan, Merla Mathews
- Mary Clement, Elsie Miller
- Nellie Critzer, Elizabeth Nicol
- Mamie Eppes, Mary V. Rodes
- Virginia Eppes, Madie O’Rork (Mrs.)
- Mae Hoover, Ella Peck
- Viola Mae Keefe, Marguerite Shenk
- Anna Lewis, Margaret Webb

**Grade “A” on all subjects except one, which is a “C”:**
- Misses Amy Douglas, Genoa Swecker

**“Grade “A” on all subjects except two, both of which are “B”:**
- Misses Frances Bagley, Adelaide Lyttle
- Rosalie Brock, Inez Marable
- Annie Lee Crawford, Kathleen Perry
- Mary S. Glassett, Gertrude Pierce
- Zola Hubbard, Eva Phillips
- Mary E. Jones, Florence Shumadine
- Mabel Kendig, Virginia Zirkle

**Additions to the Senior List**

- Primary-Kindergarten: Bessie Lockstampfer
- Professional: Marguerite Shenk
- Grammar Grade Professional: Ruth Gale Vaiden
- Elizabeth Lam
- Kathleen Watson
The staff of "The Schoolma'am" is just now going thru its annual storm and stress period; the pictures, the other art material, and the whole gamut of literary productions are "in," and the elect are struggling to have the publication out "just a little ahead of time, if possible." The members of the editorial board are: Frances Bagley, Phoebus, and Kathleen Watson, Harrisonburg, Editors-in-chief; Virginia Zirkle, Harrisonburg, business manager; Katheryn Roller, Harrisonburg, art editor; and the following assistants: Madge Bryan, Phoebus; Mary Clement, Danville; Frances Kemper, Lynwood; Mable Kendig, Augusta County; Helena Marsh, Norfolk; Margaret Proctor, Charlotte County; Dorothy Spooner, Danville; Margaret Webb, Norfolk.

The members of the faculty have recently enjoyed a series of luncheons given to them in groups by the Household Arts seniors. As a test of their skill in applying what they have learned of domestic economy, four students each week are given $1.75, and with this amount plan, provide, cook, and serve a luncheon for six persons. The results have shown remarkable skill in persuading this small sum to cover the cost of a dainty and delicious meal of four courses, despite these days of soaring prices.

An interesting plan undertaken by the Industrial Arts Department is the furnishing of a suite of three rooms, bed room, dining room, and kitchen, to be used as a practise home on a small scale. One group of students makes the plans to the smallest details, including the decoration; and other groups from the classes in sewing, embroidery, art, wood-working, home decoration, household conveniences, etc., do all the work.

The Music Department has contributed notably thruout the year to the pleasure and profit of the school...
as a whole. The members of this Department, however, are not content with making their work contribute richly to the life of the school; they have extended their efforts considerably beyond the school by holding old-time "singings" at the school houses near here each Friday night. With the co-operation of the teacher, they hope in this way not only to promote neighborhood sociability, but eventually to arouse a sufficient interest in music to make possible a community festival.

A substantial addition has recently been made to the Franklin Sherman Fund, one of the seven loan funds belonging to the school outside of the state fund. Two funds have recently been established by the students: the "Student Association Scholarship," for the use of those who have worked their way thru school as far as their senior year, and the "Annie Cleveland Fund," given by the Y. W. C. A., to be assigned to any student upon approval by the school authorities.

The school has recently installed a moving picture outfit; and a number of entertainments have been given in the auditorium to enthusiastic audiences. A regular service of educational films has been secured, as well as a choice selection of films of a purely entertainment nature. It is planned to use the motion pictures as a means of enriching practically every course in the school, the so-called cultural in no less a degree than the industrial and practical.

Our students are much interested in the Red Cross movement in the state; they have promised to contribute two boxes of surgical aids to the Virginia Unit. Large classes have also been organized for the study and practise of first aid principles under the instruction of a Red Cross nurse. The object of the movement is to qualify young women to act as assistant nurses in time either of peace or war.

The number of applications for the summer session is considerably in advance of former years at this time, and a school of record breaking proportions is looked for. An unusual feature of the work of the first term will be one week devoted to explanations and demonstrations of educational measurements of children according to the scales of Ayres, Curtis, Thorndike, and others.
The Educational Club of Harrisonburg has recently had for consideration the following topics: “How Can morals be best taught in the schools?” “Is a well-arranged course of study more beneficial to the student than one based on options?” “The niceties of life and how to teach them,” “Fads, fancies and fallacies of our present educational system,” and “Economy of time in teaching elementary subjects.”

The faculty has been responding to calls for talks, addresses, and speech-making of various kinds with the usual alacrity they display whenever an opportunity for a service of any degree presents itself.

Miss Sale spoke recently at Centerville, Augusta County, in the interest of a neighborhood improvement league having the school as its center.

Dr. Sanger spoke to a like purpose at Timberville, this county.

Dr. Wayland made an address at Fort Loudoun Seminary, Winchester; and also spoke to the patrons and teachers of the district in attendance upon an all-day meeting of a school and civic league at Branson school, Frederick County.

Miss Gregg and Dr. Sanger represented our school at Charlottesville, at a meeting of the representatives of the normal schools, who gathered for the purpose of formulating an outline course of study for the new three-year summer school professional course to be given by the summer schools this year.

Miss Gregg also attended the meeting of the N. E. A. Department of Superintendence at Kansas City, Missouri.

Miss Cleveland and Dr. Sanger attended the meeting of the Association of Virginia Colleges in Richmond.

Miss Bell, Miss Sale, and Miss Gregg represented the school at the Seventh Congressional District educational meeting at Front Royal. Miss Gregg and Dr. Sanger also attended the meeting of the Eighth District at Orange.

For some years this school has been interested in gathering objects of local historical value as a basis for a museum. A considerable collection is already on hand. Several contributions have been made lately, among them the original of a land grant issued in 1771;
a German Bible of 1797; and a copy of a newspaper dated January 4, 1800, and heavily loaded with black, containing the resolutions adopted by Congress on the death of George Washington.

The lobby frieze, "The Triumphal Entry of Alexander into Babylon," is being rapidly completed by gifts of those interested in the school. A large section, the first presented, was given by the students of the Summer Session of 1914. The Kindergarten Club gave the next panel; the Industrial Class of the Main Street School gave a panel; while the faculty made as their contribution a large section extending the width of the faculty room. Other spaces have been asked for by friends of the school and the panels will be formally presented within a short time.

A gift of unusual interest and significance is the Chapu statue of Joan of Arc, presented to the school by President Burruss and Mrs. Burruss. It has been placed in the center of the lobby of the Student Building. President Burruss's address was of so much interest it is printed here in full for the benefit of our readers.

**The Presentation Speech of Mr. Burruss**

In Joan of Arc we find one of the most striking figures that ever crossed the stage of history. She was a poor peasant girl, and like other maidens similarly situated she was taught to sew and to spin, but not to read and to write. In her simply country life she grew up tall and handsome in form, sweet and womanly in nature, unlike the other girls around her only in her greater modesty, industry, and devotion. Her religious faith was ardent from infancy. She was born amid the troublous times of the Hundred Years War between England and France, and by her humble hearthside she heard stories of war mingled with holy traditions and pious legends connected with St. Michael, the archangel of battles. She mourned with passionate prayers and tears over the sorrow of downtrodden France until these prayers took real shapes and returned to her with form and sound as messages from heaven. Under the great trees in the oak forest near her home she was wont
to go to indulge in these daydreams, in which was ever mingled the image of Charles VII, the poor young king, denied by his mother, and driven out of his inheritance by the foes of France.

There gradually grew up within her heart the conviction that she had been chosen by God to do a special work of deliverance for her country. When she was thirteen years old, in the brightness of the noonday, near the church where she was wont to worship often, she suddenly saw a great light, and from the midst of the light came forth a voice as from heaven, bidding her to be a good child and to go often to church. Repetitions of this experience came to her. At one time she saw in this light figures of divine beauty, one of which said to her, "Jeanne, go and deliver the King of France and restore to him his kingdom." She trembled greatly, and replied, "My Lord, I am only a poor girl; I should not know how to lead men-at-arms." She was reassured with promises of divine aid.

Continuing thru a period of four years to hear her "voices," as she called them, she felt compelled to obey. Against strong parental opposition she determined upon her course. "I had far rather rest and spin by my mother's side," she said, with simple pathos, "for this is no work of my choosing, but I must go and do it, for my Lord wills it." After many difficulties and a terribly hazardous journey at that wild period, she reached the unthroned king and finally convinced him of her sincerity. The people were with her, they were inspired by her irresistible enthusiasm, her simplicity, and her genuineness, and under popular pressure she was given a small army and equipment.

Assuming male attire and a suit of white armor, mounted on a black charger, with a banner of her own device, embroidered with the fleur-de-lis of France, and a sword which according to her own divination had been found buried behind the altar of the Church of St. Catherine, she set out at the head of her soldiers to go to the aid of Orleans, then under siege by the enemy. Her arrival fired the fainting hearts of the French defenders with a new enthusiasm. Rough and hardened fighting-men left off their oaths and their debauchery under the spell of her pure presence. The result was an invincible army. After fifteen days of fighting the English were
compelled to yield and retreat, carrying with them a tale of terror at the strange witchcraft by which they had been overcome.

Amid the carnage and confusion of her strange surroundings, Joan showed the same purity, simplicity, and good sense that had marked the village girl. She shrank with womanly tears from the sight of bloodshed, and trembled with terror at her first wound, while the brutal taunts of the English soldiers brought the flush of shame to her cheeks, stung her purity to the heart, and drew hot tears of indignation from her eyes. But all thoughts of self were lost in her devotion to her mission. She saw the vacillating Charles crowned, and with tears of joy saluted him as king. “Would it were God’s pleasure,” she said to the archbishop, “that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and brothers; they would be so glad to see me again.” But heaven had reserved for her its highest honor—to set the martyr’s crown upon her brow.

Joan with all her enthusiasm could not infuse her spirit into the hesitating coward of a king and his corrupt followers, and she wore out her loyal heart with vexation as she saw the work of heaven thwarted by the unworthiness of man. Falling into the hands of a ruthless enemy, she was flung heavily-fettered into a gloomy prison. After a mock of a trial, she was condemned to death at the stake, forsaken in the hour of her extremity by the worthless king she had caused to be crowned. The woman’s tears dried upon her cheeks, and she faced her doom with the triumphant courage of the true martyr, declaring to the last that she knew her revelations were from God. Even as the flames wrapped her in their last deadly embrace she continued to pray and assert her faith. So perished this nineteen-year-old girl, who from the humble fireside of her peasant home had gone forth to become the savior of her country. No wonder that ten thousand men wept at the sight, and as he went away a secretary of the King of England was heard to utter aloud, “We are lost; we have burned a saint!”

The solemn beatification of the Maid of Orleans in the year 1909 came as a tardy recognition of the sanctity which the world had long recognized. The story of Joan of Arc has been the inspiration of historians, it
has furnished a rich motive in literature, and it has been
the theme of numerous painters and sculptors who have
spent their genius in the attempt to realize its simple
grandeur.

The statue which stands here is the work of the
sculptor Chapu, the original being in the Luxembourg,
at Paris.

This subject is considered by the donors to be pecu-
liarily appropriate for a place in the lobby of this
building because of the ideals it represents. It should
serve to inspire every young woman who sees it, whether
she has come like Joan from an humble country home or
from circumstances of a different type. It should serve
to remind us that we too may have heavenly visions,
and that we must not be disobedient unto them when
they come to us. It should serve to encourage us to lis-
ten to the voices that call us to a life of consecrated ser-
vice for our country and our God. It should strengthen
our faith and put courage into our hearts, so that we
shall go forth to conquer, or even to suffer the death
of a martyr, if need be, for the right.

This representation of the simple, pure, young peas-
ant girl, listening to her "voices," has been selected to
stand here at the entrance to this building, to the end
that every young woman when she first enters the por-
tals of this school shall look into her face and be inspired
with faith and hope and courage that she has been called
to prepare herself for a great work for the salvation of
her country and for the service of her Lord, and that if
she will but heed the call of the voices, she may here
equip herself for the great mission to which she has been
summoned.

The donors, the President of the school and Mrs.
Burruss, rejoice in presenting this token of their inter-
est in all who may come to this institution, particularly
those whose opportunities may have been restricted by
outward circumstances, those who come to us from hum-
ble homes; and their prayer shall ever be that all such
may here have deeply wrought into their beings the
great lessons taught by this simple and childlike, yet
courageous and womanly, Maid of Orleans.
Geneva Moore is a member of the teaching staff of the Dinwiddie High School, Dinwiddie, Virginia. She is finding her work unusually pleasant teaching mathematics, English, and French, but she is hoping soon to be able to specialize in her favorite subject. She says:

"I wish I had time to tell you many of the interesting things we have been doing, and to mention a few things we have accomplished, but I am sure you will be more interested just now in hearing something of our 'Normal Girls' in this neighborhood. Virginia Ridenour and Eleanor Dillon are both teaching in the same school in Petersburg; Bee Coleman has a splendid position near Norfolk; Rebecca Hudgins is teaching in one of the county schools in this district; Lilla Gerow is principal of a high school near here, Midway; and Rachel Orndorff is teaching about ten miles from here, at McKenney."

Sallie White has been teaching the past session in Halifax County, as first assistant in the Woodville-Graded School. Her talents in vocal music are proving a fine asset in her work.

Not long ago we reported that Ella Heatwole was teaching in Montana. Now we take pleasure in announcing her marriage, a month or two since, to Mr. Anton N. Jacobsen of Sweet Grass, Montana. The wedding took place at the old home in Virginia, but even the charm of the Shenandoah Valley could not stifle the call of the great West. May joy come richly in the Land of the Mountains, especially at Sweet Grass, in the home of our friends.

Flossie Winborne is teaching at Carrsville, in Isle of Wight County. She is cultivating the patriotic sentiments of the young citizens committed to her charge by training them to sing some of our national and state songs.

Janie Werner, writing under recent date from the city of Charlottesville, says:

"We now have eleven Harrisonburg Normal girls here—one has just come: Veva Clarke. The others here are Rosa Maupin, Marcia Morris, Virginia Pugh, Stella Meserole, Helen Housman, Myrtle Ballard, Elizabeth Greaves, Lucy Parrish, Nannie Clarkson, and myself."
Some of these girls are teaching in the splendid new school that Superintendent Johnson has lately brought to completion and named for the great teacher, William H. McGuffey.

May Rowbotham, Clarita Jennings, and Marie Meisel are among the number of our girls who are teaching in the city of Richmond. In the January issue of the Bulletin will be found the names of eight or ten others who are enjoying their work in the historic capital.

A letter received not long ago from Nancy Hufford, who is teaching near Marion, Virginia, contains the following interesting items:

"I often wish I might step in to see you Normal people. I began teaching on the thirteenth of September in the oldest school building in the county. The deed dates back more than seventy years. Many celebrated persons have received their early education in it. At one time they held a commencement and the boys delivered Greek orations. We are now in our new building of two rooms, which is said to be the best in the county, and I never was in a more comfortable structure. The two buildings are standing not more than one hundred feet apart, and the contrast is something wonderful. We are going to have pictures made this week—'As it was' and 'As it is.' These we shall sell for means of improving the grounds."

Kathleen Harless recently wrote, from her school in Christiansburg, Virginia, as follows:

"In the news notes from our school, published in a recent number of the Virginia Journal of Education, I read of a Greek play that had been presented by the Lee Literary Society. The English instructor in our high school here has asked me to find out more about this play—its nature, the characters, etc. I shall appreciate your asking the president or the secretary of the Lee Society to write me in detail."

It sounds good to have our girls speak of the Normal as "our school," even after they have graduated and are working elsewhere.

Ida Gordon recently read an interesting paper before one of the teachers' institutes of Frederick County. Miss Gordon is devoting herself especially to the art of
penmanship, with a view to giving her time altogether to the teaching of that subject.

Grace Jackson, who will be remembered with pleasure as one of our first students at Blue-Stone Hill, was recently called to her old home in Winchester by the illness and death of her mother; but early in February she returned to Atlanta, Ga., where she has charge of an important day nursery. Miss Jackson has held responsible positions as a social worker, under the auspices of the Methodist Church, in different parts of the country.

Anna Allen and Florence Allen, members of the class of 1914, are both teaching in Frederick County, the former at Middletown, the latter in Branson School, near Clearbrook. Miss Florence is also president of the Stonewall District league of teachers and patrons.

Sallie Fix is first assistant in the Sword's Creek Graded School, in Russell County. Last summer, at our Fourth of July pageant, she got some ideas which she is now working out in her school in connection with the singing of national songs.

Myrtle C. Bailey is teaching at Nelly's Ford, Nelson County. She remembers with pleasure her sojourn at the Normal and occasionally lets us hear from her. She has our best wishes for continued success in her work.

Cecile Grasty and Helen Wine, members of the class of 1914, are teaching in Gordonsville with marked success. This is Miss Grasty's second year in that historic town. Gordonsville is known all over the land as the home of fried chicken. To us it is cherished as the home of Rosa Block and the Scott twins. Now Miss Wine and Miss Grasty are making it still more dear to us.

Sara de Moss, a member of the class of 1913, is making a great success of her work in Greensboro, North Carolina. This is her third year in that city. By many she is regarded as the best first-grade boys' teacher in Greensboro. In addition to her regular work in the first grade she teaches school gardening and related subjects to a number of older children. She writes:

"I should love so much to hear about Harrisonburg—the faculty, the growth of the school—so many things I want to know. I have always wanted to go
back in June, but as yet it hasn't been possible. I hope some day to return—some day before I'm a thousand. I still look back with pleasure upon those early morning classes with Mr. Burruss expounding History of Education. You know they must have been interesting, for anyone to remember a class that early in the morning!"

Miss de Moss's address is 106 W. Fisher Avenue, Greensboro, N. C.

"I have enjoyed my work so much this winter, but I have missed being at dear old H. N. S. I am teaching in a two-room school at Elberon, Surry County. I have the first four grades, and my only trouble is that I can't give as much time to each class as I'd like to do," says Lillian Elliott.

Last year and the year before Corinne Bowman taught at Hamilton, Loudoun County, where she had in charge the first three grades. During the session now closing she has taught the second grade at Saltville. She says:

"I have enrolled fifty pupils so far and they are just as sweet as they can be. I have them arranged so that half of them come in the morning and the other half in the afternoon. I have planned each year since I left to come back in June. I think of you all so often. I almost wish I had to have my three years there over."

Beatrice Marable has found it necessary to spend the past two or three months at Catawba Sanatorium, but she has not failed to do a number of things that one who knows her would expect of her. For example, she has written an essay and won the medal offered by the Sanatorium for the best paper on the subject: "What Can I Do in the Fight against Tuberculosis When I Return Home?" She has been elected assistant editor of the Catawba paper, and has been given permission to take up her teaching work again next summer in the Richmond playgrounds.
SOME RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES OF SPECIAL INTEREST

WHAT CAN I DO FOR MY COUNTRY

WOMEN CHEMISTS IN WAR-TIME

The Scientific American for April 7 contains two articles with the above titles respectively, so closely allied as to warrant being considered together. The first is one of a series to be published each week; this one treats of the various ways in which a chemist can serve in time of war; the second article shows how the profession of chemistry is especially well adapted to women as proved by the experience of the warring nations of Europe where women are filling posts formerly held by men, and proving themselves most competent workers. Some of the opportunities for service named by the writers are: the manufacture of explosives; of the various kinds of steel used for guns, for structural work, rails, parts of engines and automobiles, etc.; the chemistry of oils and mineral miscellanies, paints, glues, varnishes, gums and resins; insulating and protective substances. The list also includes rubber and leather chemists, and the chemistry of wool and cotton—no one but the chemist can tell the uniform maker whether the coat and trousers he proposes to make from a certain consignment of wool will pass, or separate the supply of cotton into classes fit for certain purposes. The food chemist occupies a most important place; only properly fed men can do good service; only the chemist can decide whether the food is fit for him, whether the water is free from disease germs or actual poison. The medico-chemist must prepare disinfectants, anaethetics, etc., as well as the necessary medicines. All the operations involved in these industries require the use of much fragile apparatus for which a woman’s hand seems especially fitted, and as much of the work necessitates the presence of the chemist in workshops and factories, or on the field, the laboratory part might well be carried on by women.

If every man or woman who has the knowledge or ability to undertake this work, but who has been doing something else less essential, will look upon himself or
herself as a volunteer, the chances of having a short and successful war will be greatly enhanced; especially if they will still further use their ability to invent new applications of the chemist's art to bettering present industries or promoting new ones.

**Can We Defend the Panama Canal in a Crisis**

In the April *Century* "A Naval Expert" discusses this question as one of the many problems confronting our country, and his answer inclines to the negative. Its isolated position, distance from the United States, and lack of fortifications except at the two terminals, make the canal a tempting bait to our enemies, while its inestimable value as a link between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts render it to us a prized and proud possession. The fact that it is the shortest trade route from the United States to the western coast of South America, and its highly profitable collection of tonnage dues, also add to its desirability. The expert strongly recommends that, as Panama is now reachable by exterior lines only, the government immediately begin the construction of an overland railway from the isthmus of Panama to the isthmus of Tehuantepec, there meeting a railroad built across Tehuantepec in 1907, and connecting with steamers to Galveston and New Orleans eight hundred miles north. This plan does away with traversing Mexico with an additional fifteen hundred miles of road, and makes the problem of obtaining a treaty concession for this short Mexican strip much easier; also Panama would be tied to the whole scheme of defense, and be afforded insurance against a possible naval reverse involving the cutting off of men, munitions, and other supplies.

**Are the Movies a Menace to the Drama**

In the *North American Review* for March Brander Matthews, professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University, and of national fame as a writer, answers this question in a way that will be a comfort to lovers of the real drama who have been shocked at the invasion of the theater by spectacles which do not convince the taste or console the spirit, but which seem to be evoked by what Mr. Howells calls "the capitalized black art." No one can deny the wonder of this form
of picturesque story-telling; it is of a truly miraculous power and scope. It has captured many theaters; enlisted in its service an army of actors and actresses of more or less prominence; it has captivated a host of men, women, and children who continually pour a stream of nickels and other coin into its treasury. So far as mere pictorial story-telling is concerned, the drama is simply outclassed; and certain kinds of melodrama the movies can do better than the regular theater; certain kinds of farce also; but the movies cannot compete with the drama in dealing with the soul of man in its manifold struggle with itself. The movies ask no co-operation of the intellect; the drama is the noblest of the arts because it does demand the co-operation of the intellect at the very moment when it is appealing to the emotions and gratifying the senses. It is because the moving picture has to do without the potent appeal of the spoken word that it can never be really a rival of the drama. The printing of passages of dialog on the screen is always an interruption to the flow of action represented, as in real life speech follows gesture or accompanies it.

Managers of the movies are showing an increasing tendency to seek original stories invented by men who have mastered the art of telling tales by visual means alone, and can so plan them as to minimize the disadvantages and limitations of the screen presentation. As this tendency increases, the differentiation between the real play and the picture play will also increase, their apparent rivalry will lessen, and each be left in possession of its own special field.

**City Comforts For Country Teachers**

Dr. George E. Vincent, President of Minnesota University, who recently accepted a call to the presidency of the Rockefeller Foundation, writes in the April Review of Reviews on a subject which he considers of vital interest to the future of home and farm life in American neighborhoods. He gives an account of the example set by a Minnesota neighborhood in providing, with some aid from the state, a Teachers' House for its consolidated school; the difficulties met in its first inception; the persevering efforts of the superintendent to carry it to a successful conclusion; and its present worth to the school and the community. The house is
about one hundred feet from the school building; is heated by a hot-water furnace, lighted by electricity, has hot and cold water on each floor—all on the open prairie near the town. This house serves not only as a means of securing and keeping the best type of teachers, but as a model to the domestic science department of the school, and as a source of inspiration and suggestion to the homes of the neighborhood. Dr. Vincent predicts that within a few years the teachers’ house will be included as a matter of course in the bond issues for consolidated rural school plants.

**The Smith-Hughes Law**

An editorial in *The Industrial Arts Magazine* for April gives a resume of this law signed by President Wilson on February 23, and of such importance to the furtherance of vocational education in this country. The first appropriation, $1,700,000, will be available July 1, 1917, and a greater fund is authorized for each succeeding year until an annual total of $7,200,000 is reached. Any state may receive its share of this sum for distribution among its vocational schools by complying with four conditions: the state legislature must formally accept the provisions of the National Act; the legislature must state what fund or funds it desires to accept, whether for salaries of teachers of agricultural subjects, or for salaries of teachers of industrial and home economics subjects, or for the training of teachers of agricultural, industrial and home economics subjects. The legislature must also designate the state treasurer as custodian of the national fund, and designate or create a state board of control for administering the federal money.

**Newspaper Week**

In *The English Journal* for March, W. E. Dimorier tells of a successful experiment made in connection with the senior English class of the Erie, Pa., High School. It was decided to spend one week on the study of newspapers, and to this end each student was asked to arrange with the publishers of some good paper to have five copies sent daily for a week. A room was fitted up as a laboratory, and each pupil was supposed
to spend at least an hour a day in looking over the different papers. Each one wrote a news article, an editorial, and reviewed a lengthy news article and a newspaper. From a list of about forty topics given out three weeks before, each student made a selection and carefully prepared a paper or speech. Some of the topics were: "What is News," "The History of the Newspaper," "Newspaper-Making," "The Associated Press," "Cartoons and Cartoonists," etc. The list also included the names of famous newspaper men, such as Greeley, Bennett, and Grady. The students visited a modern press room and saw the making of the daily paper; and newspaper men were invited to talk to them about the work. Mr. Dimorier quotes from letters from the students telling of their appreciation of the value of the week's work. His own impressions are: that some vital work in composition was done; students were better able to discern good news from bad; their concepts were enlarged, their world made larger, and their interest and sympathy were extended over a much wider range of human activities. He is convinced, however, that one week's work in this direction—"a kind of intellectual spasm"—is not sufficient; that during the entire course systematic training should be given in the reading of good newspapers and in the writing of news articles, with a view to securing the ability to discern good from bad news, and the habit of reading regularly one or more of the best newspapers.

The Practical in Arithmetic

Those who are pondering ways and means of uniting theory and practice in arithmetic lessons, may find helpful an article with the above title by Miss Mabel M. Richards in the April Elementary School Journal. She shows how she centered a review course in eighth-grade arithmetic around one large problem, the building, furnishing, and maintenance of a home. The plan of the house was first drawn accurately to scale, thus making use of ratio and proportion. The excavation, the lumber, the plastering, papering and painting were considered in respect to amount, cost of labor and material, the estimates based on prices obtained from practical workmen and local firms. The paper was chosen from actual sample books, with due
regard to taste and suitability for the various rooms, etc. Comparative values of other wall coatings, kalsomine, etc., were carefully discussed. Floor coverings and furniture were priced and selected from catalogs according to the size and nature of the rooms; the floors around the rugs were stained; the number of square feet to be covered and the quantity of stain were figured out. Outside the house walks were laid, flower beds constructed, shrubbery, seeds, etc., ordered, and landscape gardening discussed.

That the pupils might know the actual expenses of running a home, each one kept an itemized account of the family expenses for a month. This included the reading of meters, and paying of bills; some bills were made out and properly receipted; some paid by check; some by money orders, or drafts; in payment of some bills money was borrowed from bank; in others promissory notes were made out and payments made at different times. Discounts were also figured—so much for cash, other discounts for large amounts. On various articles ordered, freight rates, express rates, and parcel-post rates were found according to tables. The children were fascinated by this work, and were made to realize much more fully the relation of arithmetic rules and methods to the activities of every-day life.

The Development of the Library in the High Schools of the South

The March issue of *The Library Journal* contains an address made by Miss Lucy E. Fay, librarian of the University of Tennessee, at the meeting of the Georgia Library Association. She shows the importance of the library in the high school; the present conditions; and what may be realized in the future. Her statements and arguments may well be applicable also to the graded schools.

A library has long been considered essential to colleges and universities, but it is only of late years that it has been recognized in the south as a valuable aid to every grade of school, providing for the boy and the girl at their most impressionable age the means of forming the library habit, of developing a love of reading, and an appreciation of the charm and idealism of literature.
and life, and so continuing their education even tho their schooling may be cut short, as is the case with the majority of even those who reach the high school.

Those pupils who enter business need to know the literature of business, of which so much is written nowadays, in order to benefit by the knowledge and experience of others. Many graduates immediately enter law schools and medical schools, and a knowledge of how to use books would add much to their equipment in beginning the study of those professions. Any college librarian could speak with authority of the struggles of the average freshman who is sent into the library to find material, and asks perhaps for "Shakespeare’s Work," or "Tennyson’s Ode to Virgil by Macmillan." If he had been accustomed to using a library in schools previously attended, both freshman and librarian might have been spared embarrassment.

The comparative scarcity of libraries in southern schools is perhaps due to the few public libraries found here, so that their value is not realized. But the south is advancing in this as in other respects, and this advancement may be greatly hastened and the situation transformed from what it is to what it should be if all teachers will put their shoulders to the wheel and work for legislation requiring school boards to appropriate annually a sum sufficient for the purchase and maintenance of a library, and also for the services of a trained librarian who will each year give a course in the use of books and libraries, using this and all other possible means to encourage a love of books in the students. In this way, the young people going out from the schools will be made more efficient and independent, and also have their lives broadened by the discovery of the world of imagination and poetry of which our vocational age stands sorely in need.

Mary I. Bell.
LATE BOOKS OF VALUE TO TEACHERS


Mr. Vance Thompson in this book has taken his stand for the advance of woman. He studies her unrest and traces its causes with much insight and knowledge, indicating that her "I want" is growing into a mighty "I will." He gives the history of woman in various states at various times and under various laws and customs. He tells us of "the Spartan woman, who was developed, in body and mind, precisely as the Spartan man was developed. Her muscle met and held his muscle. Her culture met and answered his culture. Her freedom in the state was identically his freedom."

There are also recorded the words and deeds of some of the men and women in past ages, who have fought for woman's freedom and advance, from Erasmus to Olympe de Gouge. In his arguments Mr. Thompson uses as a base his conviction of the attainment of purer and better and saner lives. His feminism makes no threat against the permanence of the home; rather does it hope for better, happier homes in the future. He sums up in conclusion the feminist aim: "First, human equality; right and opportunity for the fullest self-development. Second, industrial equality. Third, civic equality. Fourth, an equitable partnership—contract with man."

His book is not original in the sense of presenting new points in feminist thought. It is unusual in its presentation, showing keen analysis of the subject.

M. V. H.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, by Aubrey Augustus Douglass. (The Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Ill.)

Such a vital movement as the reorganization of the upper grades of the elementary school is bound to call forth a great deal of literature. There have been many different experiments and many radical speeches. For some time it has been evident that there was need of a summary of all these ideas, so that the more conser-
ative educational workers might be able to survey the progress thus far made. The radicals likewise needed to check up some of their feverish activities. It is not surprising, then, that this topic should have been chosen for a doctor's thesis; neither is it remarkable that the National Society for the Study of Education should have secured this thesis for their fifteenth year book.

Through this book, the author has compiled the history of the different phases of the movement and constructed valuable summaries. Constantly, the interpretation by the author of these movements has added great value to the book. Chapter II reviews the psychology of the adolescent, bringing out very clearly those particular phases which bear upon the earlier ages of this period. Upon this he bases the need of the junior high school, its organization and administration. In Chapter III, he adds to the survey of the various curricula now used, a constructive outline of the subjects which should be included. This is an innovation in the literature of the junior high school. Those who have discussed this subject most have dealt with brilliant generalities. The bewildered superintendent who was trying to readjust his system was left to apply these generalities, but, realizing his limitations, copied another's interpretation of them. Naturally it did not fit. Our author is braver. He reviews these principles and shows clearly how they should be applied, at the same time leaving plenty of opportunity for the adjustment of courses to meet local needs.

The training of the junior high school teacher has received little attention. Our author leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the type needed for this work. The teacher needs "normal school training, rounded out, if possible, by one or two years of collegiate work. Vigorous objections are made to teachers whose experience has been confined to the high school alone, and yet more vigorous to the inexperienced college graduates." The application of supervised study to the problem of class hours and method of teaching is another valuable help to those studying this problem. An extended bibliography and tabulated report of school systems having the junior high school increases the value of the book.

R. E. G.
Jesus-Teacher, by Frank W. Smith. (Sturgis and Walton Company, New York. Price, 50 cents.)

In Jesus-Teacher Dr. Frank W. Smith, principal of City Normal School, Paterson, N. J., has given an interesting and helpful statement of certain educational principles as those principles are exemplified in the life, character, and pedagogy of the Great Teacher. The brevity of the work makes it possible to busy people; the open, analytical style presents the main facts and features in accessible form; and the propositions evolved suggest in an effective way the richness and educational value of the field.

J. W. W.

Story-Telling, Questioning and Studying, by Herman H. Horne, Ph.D. (The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $1.10.)

The three arts of story-telling, questioning, and studying are covered by Professor Horne in a happy, stimulating manner. The fundamentals in each of these topics are outlined, with references and topics for further study. A list of stories for the first four grades is also given. This is a book for every teacher, especially for the less professionally trained. It is so readable and refreshing that any one can profit by its message. It can be read many times.

W. T. S.

The Vitalized School, by Francis B. Pearson. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

In this book the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Ohio attempts "to interpret some of the school processes in terms of life processes, and to suggest ways in which these processes may be made identical." Twenty-five chapters are given to this task. Some of the subjects treated are: The Teacher, Child, Democracy, Patriotism, Work and Life, The Artist Teacher, The Socialized Recitation, Agriculture, Poetry and Life, Examinations, The Typical Vitalized School. This is a good book for relaxation and for setting ideals. It is characterized by rare common sense.

W. T. S.
How to Teach, by Strayer and Norsworthy. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

This is a contribution to education, based upon the latest conclusions of experimental pedagogy and educational psychology. Original nature, attention, interest, habit formation, memory, imagination, stimulating thought, appreciation, play, individual differences, developing social conduct, transfer of training, types of classroom exercises, study methods, educational measurements,—these vital subjects are covered with unusual comprehensiveness for a textbook of this kind. Study questions are added at the close of the various chapters. This is a handbook for the teacher in service as well as a text for the student.

W. T. S.

Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones, by Sara Cone Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price, $1.00.)

Finding stories to meet the needs of the "littlest ones" is indeed a difficult task; either they are not ethically sound, there is nothing to them, or they do not appeal to the children for whom they are supposed to be written.

The author has solved the difficulty by combining those values and standards set in regard to all stories with the instinctive needs of little children. A few of the stories are adaptations from old or foreign sources, as The Wassail Song and We'll All Awa' to Jessie's Hoose, but most of them are original and grew from the insistent demands of the author's own children, who have been the critical judges of everything in the collection. The illustrations by Willy Pogany, the Hungarian artist, make an irresistible appeal to youthful imaginations. The book makes its appeal to mothers rather than to teachers, for it can best be used with children in the home before they come to school.

M. L. S.
The Summer Session begins June 11, 1917. It is divided into two terms of thirty working days each. First Term, June 11 to July 20; Second Term, July 23 to August 30.

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